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ONE thing is certain amid a sea of uncertainty. If the Allies and America behave in the crisis for which Karolyi has given the signal as they have behaved towards Russia since the Revolution and towards Central Europe since the armistice, they will end all hope of order for long decades to come. They will never make peace at all, and the settlement which will finally come out of the turmoil will be made by other men and on lines the present governments do not contemplate. It is extremely doubtful, in fact, whether the power to make peace still exists at Paris. It is an open question whether the centre of real authority in Europe has not already passed to the workingmen, peasants and soldiers of an international revolution. Certainly it is passing, and passing rapidly, because the prestige of Paris diminishes as the masses on the continent realize that

behind the curtain of secrecy there is a deadlock between selfish interest and feeble goodwill. Peace can be made at Paris only if the revolutionary peoples of Europe are convinced quickly by demonstration that the high pretensions of the war were not the usual hypocrisy of statesmen instead of earnest conviction. In these last four months they have been given every reason to doubt and small reason to trust. They have seen the statesmen at Paris unwilling, unable and afraid to look the facts in the face. They have seen them the victims of selfish propaganda, wallowing in their emotions, and immovable in regard to their imperialistic claims. Above all they have seen them blunder in regard to Central Europe in precisely the same fashion and for precisely the same reasons as they blundered with regard to Kerensky. It is no wonder that having nothing to lose but their faith they should be losing that.

THE same blunders were made in regard to the Russia of Kerensky and the Provisional Government. First, the refusal to believe that the masses of men have turned their backs on the war and their faces towards a new era. Second, an intense desire to believe that the rebellion of populations is a mere manoeuvre by astute diplomats, and not the profoundest passion which has stirred any portion of mankind for a hundred years. Third, a refusal to abandon the apparatus and the schemes of those secret treaties which give the lie to all fine words. Fourth, a persistent coddling and encouragement of reaction and counter-revolution whenever it appears, and a persistent hostility to every attempt at peaceful democratic organization. Fifth, the heartless cruelty of the blockade and embargo against suffering popula-

tions of men, women and children who have driven out autocracy and are trying amidst untold difficulties to work their way out of the results of oppression and ignorance. Sixth, the toleration of bad faith, in that they even discuss demands for territory which violate the spirit and the letter of a solemn covenant made publicly before the whole world.

THERE was a time when governments were so firmly rooted in the helplessness and ignorance of men that they could afford to snatch at spoils and wander in the mazes of secret diplomacy. That was when all the governments were part of the same diplomatic system, and all had the same vested interest in maintaining it. But, with the destruction of "arbitrary power" in all the empires of Europe, that day is gone, and the governments which remain can rule the world only by winning its approbation. They are brought to judgment. The threat which issues from Moscow is greater than any which has confronted organized society since the appearance of national states. It has behind it the force of millions who have broken from the bonds of obedience. The ancient bases of authority, habit, custom and inertia are shattered, and men turn their eyes to Paris with angry doubt. They are asking whether there is sufficient faith and intelligence there to go forward boldly with them into the New Europe they were promised. Their own phrases they have heard from Paris, uttered by the most powerful statesman in the Conference, the representative of a land which is itself disinterested. All that holds them are those phrases. All that held them to the trenches through the agony of 1918 were those phrases. This feeling knows no frontiers in Europe today. Either those phrases will be made good now at Paris, or there will be no peace.

IF President Wilson does not clear the air soon, if he does not grip the situation with both hands and shake it out of its palsy of indecision, lamentation, scheming, and political sabotage the depth of his fall will be measured only by the heights of the aspirations he has proclaimed. A very bold stroke may still save Europe, but that stroke must be made regardless of the outcry which it will cause in the chancelleries and the ministries of propaganda. The President with the support of the British can force the issue into the sunshine, and make the governments of the continent choose now between a peace which reconciles the continent and a peace which violates the professions they have all made. He has tried suavity and indirection, compliments and soft speech. He has given those governments every loophole for saving their

own pride. He has talked and talked and talked about how perfectly the statesmen were all agreed, how temperate were all their claims, how good was their faith, and the result after nearly five months is a Europe more divided than it ever was, populations at the point of despair, and a peace treaty in which practically no great issue has been settled.

AT the crisis of the war, when the failure to achieve unity of command was giving Germany victory everywhere, Lloyd George performed a service for which men will always be grateful. At the risk of disunion, at the risk of encouraging the enemy, he told the truth at a public luncheon in Paris. It outraged many and later he explained himself in the House of Commons: "I might have gone over and delivered a speech—passing eulogies upon the armies, upon generals, upon governments and peoples, and they would have said—probably civility would have made them say it—'That is a very fine and eloquent speech!' But it would have had not the slightest effect. So I set out to deliver a disagreeable speech, that would force everybody to talk about this scheme [for unity of command]. They have talked about it throughout two or three continents. The result is that America is in, Italy is in, France is in, Britain is in, public opinion is in, and that is all I wanted. . . ." A crisis of equal gravity has arisen which can be met only by unity of democratic purpose. The occasion calls for the same audacity in tearing aside the evil of secrecy at Paris and appealing to the peoples of the world.

EVEN if Belgium receives from Germany indemnities sufficient to cover the cost of replacing all the physical properties destroyed in the war, she will still be far from recovering her old industrial position. That position depended upon her markets, and these were chiefly European. Of her entire exports Germany took about two-sevenths, and France, England and Holland took an additional three-sevenths. For the next five years the value of the German market will be uncertain, and France will not be very hospitable to the importation of goods she can produce herself. England, too, may become protectionist. Belgian exporters must therefore look to more distant markets. Nor is this the only difficulty Belgium will have to surmount. Before the war she traded upon the asset of highly skilled labor paid at a lower rate than in any other industrial country. Five years of inaction must have impaired the skill of the Belgian workmen very seriously, and the revolutionary ferment must be impairing their docility. What Belgium will need, therefore, is not only indemnities and long credits, but more espe-

cially economic statesmanship capable of placing Belgian commerce and industry on a much higher level of efficiency than that which was attained before 1914.

AMERICAN public opinion is so completely hypnotized by Bolshevism as a word and as a fact that it is not paying sufficient attention to an equally significant development of labor politics much nearer home. It looks as if in Great Britain the so-called Triple Alliance, consisting of the National Union of Railwaymen, the National Transport Workers' Federation and the Miners' Federation, would succeed in imposing on the government practically the whole of their demands—demands which include not merely short working hours and high wages, but the nationalization of the mines and the railroads. If the Triple Alliance is as successful in its negotiations with the state as now seems probable, its success will certainly provoke imitation on the part of American labor unions. Under Mr. Gompers's leadership the American unions have always preferred direct to political action, and they are not likely to believe any less in direct action after such a brilliant demonstration of its effectiveness in securing results. They will naturally conclude that an equally strong combination of American unions would be similarly successful in forcing the state to grant its demands. A Triple Alliance of American coal miners, railway and transport workers is quite evidently imminent.

THE programme of the corresponding American unions will not differ essentially from that of the British Triple Alliance. Last month, Mr. Glenn E. Plumb, appearing before the Senate Committee on Inter-State Commerce in behalf of the Railway Brotherhoods and ten organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, advocated the nationalization of railroads and their operation by the railway employees. His proposal was not taken very seriously by the press. It was regarded as fantastic and remote from the field of practical politics. Then came the strike of the transport workers in New York harbor. The situation resulting from that strike has significant analogies with Mr. Plumb's plan for the future control of the railroads. The majority of harbor craft are owned by the United States Government. As a result of a series of complicated negotiations the boats owned by the government are now being operated on terms fixed by the organized marine workers of the port. Last week, Mr. Frank J. Hayes, president of the United Mine Workers of America, presented to the Policy Committee of his union a programme calling for a five-day week, a

six-hour day, wage increases and the nationalization of the coal mines. His proposals have since been approved by the authorized executive body of the United Mine Workers and will be embodied in a bill which a special convention of the miners will be called to urge upon Congress. Thus a Triple Industrial Alliance is in process of formation in the United States along the same structural lines and with policies similar to those of the British unions. It will possess a power over the economic life of the country far greater than that which the railway brotherhoods possessed when they threatened to strike for an eight-hour basic day in the fall of 1916. Congress when it reassembles would do well to consider what the result might be of a conflict between an American Triple Alliance and the state, and what action it could take to avert such a calamity.

IN the light of what is happening elsewhere in the world, it is instructive to note the statesmanship exhibited by an American state legislature. It happens to be the legislature of New York, but that is merely incidental. This group of lawgivers has refused to appropriate money for a Reconstruction Commission because it could not agree with the Governor as to the best method of distributing the appointments to it. Then without hesitation it boldly appropriated \$50,000 to investigate Bolshevism in New York. Thus it did its level best to create something which it could investigate. So far as outsiders can discern, the argument must have been somewhat as follows: In order to investigate Bolshevism in New York on a scale worth a junket and good headlines, we must do all we can to incite it, arouse it, justify it. If we behave badly enough we may be able to make enough people so angry that they will come before us and testify that they have no faith left in American institutions as exemplified in the state legislature of New York. . . . This will no doubt prove something, namely, that legislatures can if they are incompetent enough make men angry.

THE Working Conditions Service in the Department of Labor is emphatically one of the war services that ought to be retained in peace. In its objects and in its policy it has been singularly non-contentious. It set for itself the task of promoting industrial hygiene and safety engineering and of improving labor administration. To fight industrial disease, suppress accidents and bring together the best available information on the questions of standardization of employment, on labor turnover and the like, is to offer new resources for efficiency to the employer, to improve

the lot of the laborer, and to advance the interests of the general public as well. Nevertheless, Congress cut off the appropriation for the Working Conditions Service, on the ground that it was not a statutory part of the domain of the Department of Labor. Congress did, however, admit an appropriation for the Women in Industry Service, although that service was on the same footing as Working Conditions. Why the discrimination? Politics; and exceedingly bad politics. As it happened the whole Sundry Civil Bill failed of passage through the adjournment of Congress. It will have to be taken up anew by the next Congress, and we trust that a way will be found to make proper provision for the preservation of the Working Conditions Service and the extension of its field of operations.

The Break in the Dyke

HUNGARY gone Bolshevik; German Austria dangerously restless; Germany itself talking openly of the possibility of rejecting the Allied peace terms and joining forces with Russia; news from the Polish house of cards bearing every evidence of careful censoring and sifting; Rumania and Jugoslavia uneasy and uncertain; the Ukraine passing over to Lenineism; Egypt and Korea in revolt; Spain under martial law; Italy full of murmurings; such are the salient items in the news of the recent days. The Reds throughout the world are jubilant. Just so, they assert, would the Revolution begin, the proletarian revolution international in character, world-wide in scope. The old order still has vast potential power, the revolutionists admit, but it is directed with incredible stupidity. Look at the bankrupt statesmanship at Paris, preoccupied with nationalistic tugging and hauling for one bit of landed loot or another, priority in indemnities, commercial privileges, as if something vastly transcending national claims, the whole system of middle class rights, all conventional law and order were not at stake. Under such leadership, what can the forces of the old order achieve in their struggle with the forces of revolution?

The revolutionists are over-sanguine, we believe. There is more life left in the existing system than they assume, and it is not yet certain that its representatives at Paris are absolutely incapable of reading the signs of the times and of taking better counsels than those with which they have afflicted the world in recent months. There is a rising flood of revolution. It has broken the dykes, in Hungary. The case is grave, but cannot be called hopeless as yet.

The Hungarian revolution is indeed ominous. It

exhibits an advanced stage in the process that has overwhelmed Russian institutions. The men who started the Russian revolution did not know how far it would go. The party of Lvoff and Miliukoff did not foresee Kerensky; the followers of Kerensky did not foresee Lenine and Trotzky. Therefore the Russian revolution was a matter of factions and internecine strife. To the outside world Russia appeared impotent, all its energies neutralized in civil warfare. In Hungary the case is quite otherwise. Karolyi and his liberal followers have no illusions about a halfway stage in revolution. They accept the whole of the process and its terms, a government by workmen's, peasants' and soldiers' councils, socialization of the means of production including whatever of their own estates remain after the annexation of provinces by Czecho-Slovaks, Rumanians and Jugoslavs. They accept the abolition of titles and privileges, of which their own are among the most important. Doubtless there will arise a Magyar faction that will turn against the new regime. But it will be a long time before we hear men asserting that only the riff-raff and Hooligans support the Hungarian Bolsheviki. The dictatorship of the proletariat comes near being a dictatorship of the people.

Will the movement spread? That is the pertinent question. And if we try honestly to answer it, we shall be forced to admit that there is grave danger.

The Magyars were ugly oppressors, but let us not too hastily conclude that their example will therefore be without effect among the peoples they oppressed. For there was never any serious quarrel between the Magyar proletariat now in power and the oppressed nationalities. The privileged classes alone were responsible for the injuries wrought against Slovaks, Rumanians and Croats; and by the revolution those classes cease to exist. The Rumanian peasants in Transylvania are permeable by Magyar Bolshevism, and even more permeable are the peasants of old Rumania, rack-rented by the most rapacious landlords in the world and already stirred up by propaganda from the rapidly Bolshevizing Ukraine. Let us not fix on Rumania as a country that cannot hold its own against the racing floods of Bolshevism. But it would be fatuous to repose much confidence in her.

Jugoslavia, we have been repeatedly assured, is safe against Bolshevism. But let us not overlook the fact that the government of Jugoslavia is still only provisional, with intense partisan conflicts weakening the nationalistic forces of the country, and with much of the population intensely stirred by the encroachments of Italian imperialism. There are few large estates to confiscate, little mid-

dle class wealth to distribute. But if the Yugoslav peasant has little to gain through economic revolution, he has nothing to lose. Decidedly, Yugoslavia cannot be counted upon to hold back the revolution. Europe south of the Carpathians contains no substantial bulwark of the old order except Czechoslovakia. How immune the Slovaks may be to Bolshevik propaganda we do not know. The Czechs, however, possess a sound basis for conventional democracy in an independent peasantry and a prosperous middle class.

North of the Carpathians we have Germany and Poland to bar the eastward flow of Russian Bolshevism. But we know that if the French can compass it, they will annex the Saar valley and split a Rhine republic from the body of Germany; they will transfer to Poland Danzig and much purely German territory. We are also quite clear that no government in Germany would dare to subscribe to such a treaty of spoliation. The policy of the blockade has already produced in the German masses a feeling approaching revolutionary desperation; the policy of mutilation would carry over to the revolution whatever nationalistic spirit remains in Germany. What has happened in Hungary can easily happen in Germany. This the leaders of Germany see clearly, and they are using the menace of revolution as a threat to curb Allied designs against German integrity. It is not an idle threat.

If Germany goes Bolshevik nothing is to be expected of Poland. It is known to all the world that the present Polish government rests on shaky foundations. If it could be assured tranquillity on the west and quiescence on the east, it might stand until the process of economic recovery laid the basis for a stable constitutional state. It cannot stand with Germany and Russia both overrun by Bolshevik revolution.

The whole of Europe east of the Rhine-Isonzo line is open to revolutionary inundation, and the dykes have been breached. It is probably not too late to repair the damage, if Allied statesmanship will rise to the necessity of sacrificing petty nationalistic ambitions to the common interest of nationalism and the existing economic order. Otherwise the peace they make will be no peace but a *modus vivendi* between two eternally irreconcilable political systems. They may form a League of Nations, but it will be nothing but an alliance of the maritime Powers against the communistic states of the European mainland. There will be no relief from armaments, conscription, the menace of war. There will be no such revival of economic life as will permit the satisfaction of the demands of the Allied populations for a better and a richer life. Democracy won the war; democracy is at the point of losing the peace.

The Testimony of Raymond Robins

ON Saturday, March 22nd at a League of Free Nations luncheon in New York City, Raymond Robins told for the first time to a large audience the story of what he learned in Russia from July, 1917, to May, 1918. We trust he will repeat the story to many other audiences in different parts of the country. It was a vivid and illuminating account of a unique experience which produced a profound impression upon his hearers. People who have not listened to Mr. Robins's account of his personal relations with the Kerensky and Soviet governments are in danger of forming their opinions of the Russian disaster without the aid and guidance of a decisive part of the evidence. Whatever the truth about Russia may be, Mr. Robins's story is an essential contribution to it.

There are many phases of the Russian Revolution about which Mr. Robins makes no pretension to personal knowledge. There are also parts of his story, dealing chiefly with matters of interpretation and policy which must remain for the indefinite future highly controversial. But as to one essential aspect of the business Mr. Robins's knowledge is complete and authentic. He was in a position to watch the disintegration of the Kerensky government, to trace that disintegration to its sources, to examine the conditions which enabled the Bolsheviks to seize power and to observe from the inside the behavior of the Soviet government during the first six months of its existence. In relation to this phase of the Revolution Mr. Robins was in a better position to know what was going on than any other American, Frenchman or Englishman in Russia. His account of the transition from Kerensky to Lenin and of what preceded and followed Brest-Litovsk will form an indispensable part of the raw material out of which historians will reconstruct the true story of the Russian tragedy.

Strictly speaking it was a tragedy rather than a disaster. The alienation of the Russian Revolution from the western democracies and the separate peace with Germany, like the deplorable subsequent blunder of military intervention, were born of ignorance, presumption and infirmity of purpose rather than of malevolence. The Revolution unloosed a conflict of social forces which Allied statesmanship during its period of influence in Petrograd proved itself incompetent to understand and control. Its policy was based on a misinterpretation of the psychology of the Russian people, the economics and dynamics of the Revolution. The Allied governments were represented in Russia by men whose impoverished diplomatic training and

narrow class associations disqualified them as completely as a French marquis of the eighteenth century was disqualified from discovering the motives and the realities of a massive popular movement. When they observed disquieting symptoms of weariness, moral exhaustion and political willfulness on the part of the active Russian revolutionists, they traced it either to German intrigue or to a temporary lethargy or perversity of the popular will. They never even admitted that the Revolution possessed an impulse, a logic and a right of its own. They could suggest only one remedy for every dangerous symptom of revolutionary independence—the remedy of coercion. They themselves applied the whip to Kerensky. They could see nothing but infirmity of will in Kerensky's refusal to scourge the Soviets. They welcomed the Korniloff adventure, because a military dictatorship which would not scruple to purge Russia of its radical agitators was to them the beginning and the end of political wisdom, and while they were counselling the use of coercion they did not know that the power of exercising coercion had passed from the princes, the generals and the barons to councils of the common people. As convinced advocates of *Macht-Politik* they occupied the absurd position of seeking to force a whole people without anticipating the energy of the resistance and without realizing the impotence of their Russian allies.

Raymond Robins during his first months in Petrograd gradually awoke to the danger and the futility of the Allied policy in Russia. He labored to the best of his ability to strengthen the Kerensky government, but the Korniloff fiasco and Kerensky's lack of initiative during that episode convinced him of the necessity of adopting some means of getting at and influencing the peasants, workmen and soldiers, who through their Soviets conducted the only operative government in Russia. He fought the increasing agitation for immediate peace with propaganda intended to convince the Russian people that the German autocracy was the worst enemy of their Revolution, but his own government was reluctant to grant him the needed assistance. In any event it was too late. The Russian revolutionary democracy had become convinced by the attitude of the Allied diplomatic and military representatives in Petrograd of the antipathy of the Allied governments to the social and political objects of their Revolution. They despaired of obtaining any relief for the economic distress and paralysis which was the worst hindrance to effective civil or military action by the state. They knew that the Russian representatives of those governments had conspired even against the moderate socialist ministry of Kerensky and were in close association with the enemies of the Revolution. They knew that the

social interests of the Revolution would never be allowed to prevail against any supposititious military interest of the anti-German alliance. They concluded, consequently, that the only way to safeguard the Revolution was to seize on its behalf the whole power of the state. The old ruling class and the Allied governments demanded and prepared for a dictatorship without stopping to consider what kind of a dictatorship they would get. By working for a military dictatorship which would crush the Soviets, they broke down the resistance among the active revolutionists to a proletarian dictatorship of the Soviet leaders. When a choice between the two dictatorships was forced on the men who had made the Revolution, they naturally preferred the dictatorship of their own class.

The popular explanation of the Bolshevik coup d'état, industriously circulated by the bureau of war propaganda in this and other Allied countries, ignored the responsibility of the Allied governments for the disaster. It accused the Bolshevik leaders of being a gang of robbers and murderers, paid by the German government to usurp power in Russia and make peace with Germany. It is this account of the Russian defalcation which Raymond Robins shows to be false. He exhibits the Bolsheviks as fanatical revolutionary socialists, who had obtained their opportunity to seize power chiefly because of the failure of the Allies loyally and intelligently to support a moderate socialist government, and who had paid the Allied representatives in Petrograd for planning a military dictatorship by setting up a proletarian dictatorship. Mr. Robins is convinced that Lenin and Trotzky were not German agents. He transacted business with them several times a week for six months. Again and again they proved to him their possession of substantial authority resting, if not on consent, at any rate on the ability to suppress organized resistance. Again and again at his solicitation they used their power in the interest of the Allies and against Germany. They were not, of course, pro-Ally, but they feared Germany more than they feared the Allies. They needed American and English assistance so much that they were willing to purchase it at any cost save that of their own authority. After they realized the terms on which alone Germany would make peace, they even offered to keep Russia in the war, provided they could obtain needed assistance from the Allies. Upon all these points Mr. Robins's testimony is decisive. Yet the Allied governments persisted in treating the Russian revolutionary state as an accomplice instead of a possible enemy of Germany. Under the influence of this idea they finally embarked on the lamentable policy of sending armies to kill the peasants who preferred their own rule to the reaction.

Indispensable, however, as is Mr. Robins's testimony to the understanding of the Russian tragedy, its bearing on the policy which democratic governments should now pursue towards Bolshevism in Russia and elsewhere is no less important. During the critical months in Petrograd the remnants of the Russian ruling class and the Allied statesmen never honestly fought the drift towards socialist Jacobinism with the weapons of democratic liberalism. They never even tried to understand the goal towards which the Russian people were groping. It never crossed their minds to lay out a course which, while securing the Revolution for democracy, would use its revolutionary ideals with the utmost effect against the German militarist autocracy. It was they who preached the necessity of ruthless coercion and the benevolence of a dictatorship; and the dictatorship of their class enemies was the direct result of their preaching and their behavior. After removing the obstacles to the establishment of a Russian proletarian autocracy, they have consolidated its power by the effort to crush it with foreign bayonets. They are now in danger, by cleaving to the same policy, of accomplishing analogous results in other countries. Reactionaries all over the world are proclaiming a Holy War against Bolshevism. They are using the pretext of such a war to justify the drastic use of coercion in suppressing freedom of thought and assembly. They are advocating the scrapping of all safeguards of popular liberty which form the chief heritage of a liberal democracy. Because liberalism under its new form of industrial democracy may involve the loss of many class privileges which they have hitherto enjoyed, they are becoming panic-stricken and are proposing a more or less disguised dictatorship. Let them beware lest, like their fore-runners in Russia, they preach and practice the gospel of violence and forcible suppression with consequences no less disastrous to themselves.

In uttering such a warning we shall of course be accused of sympathy with Bolshevism. Yet the warning is prompted not by sympathy with Bolshevism, but by irreconcilable hostility to any and all kinds of moral and social violence. Theoretically the proletarian dictatorship of the Russian Bolsheviks is as intolerable as is any other illiberal government which rests on violence and terror rather than popular consent. Its socialist authors have only afforded another illustration of the oldest and the most tenacious error in the world, the error which has been used to justify all the major crimes against humanity, the error that the end sanctions the means. But the proletarian dictatorship in Russia and the drift towards it in other European countries is more than the illustration of a theory. It is a concrete social innovation with a particular

psychological and historical background. It was rendered possible by gross defects in social organization, by a war fought to the bitter end and at enormous cost to the European peoples, by the failure of statesmen to provide against the resulting popular exhaustion and desperation and by the threat to shoot and club the Russian people into an oblivious disregard of their starvation, their suffering and their longing for a better chance in life. Inasmuch as the Russian proletarians were driven to organized violence as a consequence of desperation and suffering, any organized attempt to overthrow the Bolsheviks which ignores this fact would be inhuman and probably futile. The first object of a humane and salutary policy in Russia is to relieve the starvation, the privations and the sufferings, and to open up the Russian people to as much economic and other communication with the outside world as they can afford to carry on. If the proletarian dictatorship survives the test of economic intercourse with other states and of this passing of the physical, psychological and moral tension in which it was born, then indeed it may prove to be a future danger to human liberty which only military force can suppress. And in that event the use of force by democratic governments, relieved of its worst drawbacks, would no longer look like the butchery of poor peoples for accepting a socialist Jacobinism to which they were driven by fear, hunger and desperation.

Defeat Article Ten

THE Associated Press report on March 22nd that the Italian delegation threatens to quit Paris unless Fiume is ceded to it illustrates two points of special significance. These two are first, the necessity of the Covenant, and, second, the danger of Article Ten, which puts upon each member of the League the obligation "*to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence*" of all the other members.

The facts in the dispute are these: The Italians demand Fiume now, and refuse to wait the judgment of the League when it is formed, or to submit the question to any form of arbitration. The reason for this is clear. If Fiume is ceded to Italy before the Covenant is adopted, it becomes part of the Kingdom of Italy, and under Article Ten the territorial integrity of the Kingdom will have to be preserved. Therefore if the question is settled now, it can never be reopened, for any claim by the Yugoslavs would be construed by Italy as "external aggression." This construction would certainly be upheld by every continental nation that was open

to irredentist agitation. It would be so construed by France in the case of Alsace-Lorraine and in the much more dangerous case of the Saar basin, by Czecho-Slovakia in the case of German Bohemia and certain of the Slovak counties where Magyars live, by the Poles at Danzig, in Lithuania and Eastern Galicia, and so on down the list of inevitable violations of the principle of nationality. Article Ten will stereotype the boundaries drawn at Paris, and the Italians realizing this are determined to secure Fiume before the final guarantee is clamped down upon the settlement.

Now whatever the settlement agreed upon in the case of Fiume, it is highly certain that either the Yugoslavs or the Italians will be dissatisfied. Neither is in a mood at this moment to accept the more statesmanlike solution which would make both Trieste and Fiume free cities governed under a mandate from the League of Nations. But with the passing of time, and the disappearance in both countries of the politicians who have staked their prestige on outright annexation one way or the other, this better method would be possible. It will not be possible if the territorial settlement now made is subjected to Article Ten. Whoever annexes Fiume will have it as long as the League stands, and because he has it without the possibility of revision, he will see no reason why he should surrender any bit of his title to insure a better solution. It will be his, and the force of the League will be pledged to keep it his.

That the Article as it stands is unnecessary as an obstacle to war is made abundantly clear by President Lowell's analysis of the Covenant. In enumerating the obligations assumed, he places first Article Ten, and second, the pledge "*to submit any disputes that shall arise between them to arbitration (Article Thirteen), or to inquiry by the Executive Council, or in certain cases to the Body of Delegates*" (Article Fifteen). This second obligation does all that is useful in the first and excludes its dangers. Under it no nation can invade another without bringing down upon it the wrath of the League. Thus the possibility of sudden attack is excluded. On the other hand the League would be in a position to suggest solutions for vexed questions, in short to attempt justice, instead of calling its men to arms for the preservation of the status quo. It would be in a position to say to Italy and Jugoslavia: "Whatever else you do about Fiume you shall not go to war about it." But it would not be forced to say to Jugoslavia: "Though your trade and the trade of Central Europe is strangled at Fiume, we refuse to discuss the question," nor would the League have to say to Italy in case Fiume went to Jugoslavia: "Though your compatriots in Fiume are oppressed, we refuse to discuss your grievance."

This is an illustration and nothing more. It may be that this particular puzzle will be satisfactorily settled now, but even if it is, no one who has looked at the map of Europe will expect all similar questions to be settled for all time. On Saturday the Italian military attaché at Washington was quoted as saying that America must choose now between Italy and the Yugoslavs. That is just exactly what America proposes not to do. So far as America goes, the only interest in Fiume is to prevent Italy and the Yugoslavs intriguing and fighting about it. America has no interest whatever in guaranteeing the town to either nation, and cannot and should not be asked to put its signature to any obligation which would make it fight on either side in case of war.

All that America is interested in fighting for, all that it desires to insist upon at the risk of war is that the method of settlement shall always be by legal means. America stands on this exactly where England stood in 1914 when Serbia and Austria quarreled. The issue there, from the point of view of the world, was not the merits of that Balkan dispute but the peremptory method employed by Vienna in dealing with it.

The Covenant as a whole is necessary to prevent every Power from acting as Austria acted then and Italy is acting now. Once it is adopted, the business of issuing ultimata to the world will be finished. It is high time that it was. A war that began by Austria refusing to negotiate with Serbia, ends with Italy refusing to negotiate with the state of which Serbia is a part. It is a dramatic coincidence, and a final proof of the necessity of putting the whole force of the world behind the commandment: You shall discuss.

But having put its whole forces behind that, it should not stultify the main value of the pledge by amending it, as Article Ten does amend it, so that it reads: "You shall discuss, except that you shall not discuss boundaries as they were laid down before April or May 1919." Article Ten should be eliminated. Article Eleven which says that "any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the high contracting parties or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the League" fully protects every nation against aggression, while Articles Thirteen and Fifteen supply the machinery for adjustment.

Article Ten should be eliminated for the following reasons: first, because the hasty settlement now being made in Paris cannot do final justice, second, because America should not be pledged to uphold injustices, third, because Article Ten is destructive of the League's main purpose, in that it excludes from discussion a large class of questions, whereas the whole object of the League is to insist upon

discussion of whatever endangers the peace of the world. The aim of the League is to guarantee the peaceful settlement of disputes; the result of Article Ten will be to guarantee the mistakes made at Paris. With Article Ten preserved American opinion will have to scrutinize every item of the territorial settlement, because every item would involve a sacred obligation. This is not feasible, because it would delay peace indefinitely, and in case the treaty were a bad one would necessitate its rejection. With Article Ten out, the way is left open to improvement, and no obligation is assumed to guarantee the mistakes which are certain to occur. Unless the American negotiators at Paris claim omniscience they will not insist upon this obligation.

Internationalism: White or Red

KARL MARX and his Workingmen's Association were internationalists. The Chicago Anarchists were internationalists. Lenin and Trotzky and their whole following of convinced Bolsheviki are internationalists; and so is the I. W. W. Is more evidence required to establish a presumption that internationalism itself is essentially Red? A League of Nations is an international affair. Ergo it is Red, and those who do not like that color had better rally quickly around the old white banner of pre-war nationalism.

The reasoning in the foregoing paragraph, you may say, is beneath contempt. No living man, literate and mentally sound would subscribe to it. You are forgetting Senator Borah. Even Senator Lodge's argument offers indications of a suppressed fear that the internationalism of the League of Nations may be Leninism in disguise. We may therefore assume that there are multitudes of other Americans who reason in the same terms. There is nothing surprising in that. As a people who worship action, we are singularly exposed to the fear of words. Words, most frequently unanalyzed, even when as in the case of internationalism they cover two distinct and mutually exclusive concepts.

There is a Red internationalism and a White, and the time is pressing upon us when we shall have to choose between them. The Red internationalism of Marxian socialism and of Bolshevism is based upon the principle of class interests transcending national boundaries. "Proletarians of all lands, unite!" The Russian, German, French, British and American workingmen are assumed to have identical interests in their struggle against the capitalistic class, also assumed to be working

toward an international organization. Not so with the White internationalism. Class divisions are assumed by it to be wholly subordinate to the organic unity of the nation. In a fundamental sense, it is assumed, the interests of the American workingman are associated with the interests of the American employer. Both are prejudiced by war or the menace of war; both are interested in the commercial policies of foreign nations; both suffer when the world at large is torn by social crisis or cast down by industrial depression. Since it is no longer possible for the nation to safeguard itself by its own efforts against world forces inimical to its peace and prosperity, reason impels it to enter upon cooperative relations with other nations.

Red internationalism looks to the dissolution of the several nations as a consequence of victory in the class war. White internationalism looks to the preservation of the nations through the removal of the danger of war, which under modern conditions has plainly become a force capable of disintegrating even the firmest political and social structure.

In logic, Red internationalism and White are opposites. We may be slow in recognizing this fact, but the Reds are not. Everyone is aware of the fact that Lenin and Trotzky are evincing only a hostile interest in the efforts of the Allied negotiators at Paris to form a League of Nations. They do not want that kind of League, any more than Senator Borah does. Everyone is also aware that the more radical factions in the Allied countries have grown cold to President Wilson and the plan of a League which he is supporting. At first their attitude was that anything was better than a return to the old order of nationalism, attended as seemed inevitable by the horrible curse of war. But events are moving in Europe, and it is becoming more and more probable that failure of the negotiators at Paris to effect a workable international constitution will simply throw the matter back into the hands of the peoples. "My conviction is," says General Maurice, "that the people who fought in the war have had burned into them the determination that there has got to be some new form of government to relieve them of the danger to which they were exposed in the past, and if they do not get it the danger will be that they will take the law into their own hands, upset the authorities and patch up things as best they can."

General Maurice is not an isolated alarmist. All the shrewdest observers of European conditions agree with him in the view "that there is practically no alternative between the League of Nations in some form and a crisis in Europe which may be very nearly as serious as the war crisis." And in the event of such a crisis, who will profit by it, the Whites or the Reds? The question answers itself.

The Whites might win in a universal European civil struggle; but they could not win except at a cost that would greatly deplete their forces. The Reds might win, and if they lost, they would still have gained immensely in political power. Accordingly it is hard to understand why they are not yet unanimous in opposing the proposed League. Perhaps it is because they believe that the incorrigible stupidity of the conservative classes will destroy the League or incorporate in it elements so contrary to the spirit of the peoples that it will fall of its own weight. The Reds may want this conservative attempt to abolish war to fail, but they have good reason to prefer that the onus for the failure should rest upon the conservative parties.

If the League fails the only peace that can be made will be an imperialistic peace. Without an international guarantee, the victorious nations will be driven to the expedient of military and economic guarantees. France will have to insist on the Rhine frontier; she will also have to insist on the further weakening of Germany through the maximum westward extension of Poland, and she will seek to make of German Austria a republic under French influence. Poland will have to insist on the maximum inclusion of non-Polish populations to the east and south as well as to the west; Czecho-Slovakia will have to demand a corridor to salt water; Italy will have to make the Adriatic an Italian lake and extend her northern boundaries to the Brenner. Rumania will have to extend her boundaries as far as she can at the expense of the Ukraine, Bulgaria, Serbia and Hungary. Bissolati has declared that Italy wants Fiume merely to kill a competitor of Trieste. Italy will logically try to kill also every South-Slav port, if she must depend on her own resources for defense; France and England will have to kill German commerce and industry. And every nation that is not held down by foreign force will have to go heavily armed.

Now, we submit, in a Europe thus worm-eaten with military guarantees there can be no relief from taxation, no feeling of security against war, no sound credit, public or private, no concentrated attention upon the work of production. In such a Europe there can be no possibility of supplying adequately the requirements of the population, even according to pre-war standards, let alone at standards acceptable to populations shaken loose from their old traditions. Maximilian Harden has pointed out that the commercial suppression of Germany would entail the emigration of twenty-five million people. They will be too poor to go by sea, and France and Belgium will close the western gates. What then can happen except a steady German infiltration into the Slavic lands of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia and the Ukraine? Before

the war, poverty drove the Italian seasonal laborer as far north as Belgium, the Russian as far west as Denmark. Under the universal poverty of an armed, nationalistic Europe the mixing of working people of all races will proceed at a bewildering rate. Proletarians of all lands will indeed be united.

There is still time for the governments in conference at Paris to organize a White internationalism under which the national structure wasted by war may be restored. But the matter is urgent. There is no predicting at what point in time the opportunity will have been foreclosed, and the work of internationalization definitely transferred to the forces of the Reds, so far as Europe is concerned.

That, it may be said, is purely a European danger. We in America have suffered no serious impairment of our social economic structure. It may be argued that we can go on as we were, under a purely national system, even though the whole of Europe become a communistic international state. So we can, although we shall not escape a terrible crisis before we have readjusted our industries to the new condition of our European markets. But in the long run we cannot quarantine ourselves against the social forces struggling for the control of Europe. We can see already how the remote social struggle in Russia works to intensify party feeling. Our conservatives are made more conservative by the spectacle, our radicals more radical. If the European revolution spreads and affects our interests more deeply, we must expect a still more definite reaction upon our own political life. We shall have a wider gulf between our party views, more bitter animosities, more definite tendencies toward the application of force. That is what we shall pay if we fail to achieve White internationalism.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY
PHILIP LITTELL
WALTER E. WEYL

FRANCIS HACKETT
ALVIN JOHNSON
WALTER LIPPMANN

SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

Mr. Burleson, Sweat-Shopper

MR. BURLESON'S policy is to make the Post Office produce a surplus, irrespective of humanity. He has demoralized the service because he has dehumanized it.

In Providence there was a letter-carrier named Richardson. He had entered the service in 1866. He was 79 years old. In 1915, there being no retirement system and no pension system in the Post Office, the Burleson system rewarded Mr. Richardson by reducing him from \$1,100 a year to \$1,000. A few months later it rewarded him still further by reducing him to the foot of the list of substitutes. A substitute reports for duty every day and does what odds and ends of work are open to him by reason of the absence of regular carriers. He earns on the average, in normal times, some \$420 a year; and to earn it he must be young and vigorous and able to endure all sorts of hours and all sorts of hardships. Mr. Richardson's old-age recognition by Mr. Burleson was his reduction to the lowest and most laborious work in the service. It was characteristic.

Mr. Burleson in his report for 1914, covering his first full year of office, made the following recommendations:

That the law be repealed under which clerks and carriers who are compelled to work on Sunday are given compensatory time-off in the week immediately following.

That the promotion of clerks and carriers from one salary-grade to the next during their first year of service should be changed from happening once every twelve months to happening only once every twenty-four months.

That the pay of substitutes (earning an average of \$420 a year) should be reduced from 40 cents an hour and from 35 cents an hour to a flat 30.

Mr. Burleson has spread this temper successfully through the minds of his immediate subordinates. Retirement systems and pension systems, though promised by the platforms of both political parties, have remained unenacted by Congress; and the Department puts forth no faintest official effort to get any such measure of commonplace humanity for its aged employees. But Mr. Burleson's First Assistant Postmaster General tells a convention of postmasters:

"Some postmasters refrain for humanitarian reasons from recommending the removal of aged employees. This condition is wrong. The only proper course is for every postmaster to put all his

employees on notice that salaries will be scaled and adjusted to meet the declining efficiency of the older clerks and carriers."

Mr. Burleson leaves retirement systems and pension systems to "agitators." His method of agitating his employees, and it is extremely successful, is to undermine their loyalty and their enthusiasm by telling them that as they grow older he will make them work just as hard, and perhaps even harder, but will "scale" them and "adjust" them; and he knows, and they know, that this "scaling" and "adjusting" is always going on, not merely for age but for any other reason that may occur to the ingenuity of the Department.

In 1915 the Department thought up a distinction between the letter-carriers who deliver mail to patrons and letter-carriers who collect mail from mail-boxes. No such distinction had ever before been recognized. All letter-carriers take the same entrance examination. They all then serve as substitutes for a period averaging, in normal times, some four years. They all then become regulars at a basic beginning salary of \$800 a year. They all then get promoted, if efficient, at the rate of \$100 a year till they come, in general, to the grade of \$1,100 in second-class offices and of \$1,200 in first-class offices. These meagre promotions are the letter-carriers' compensation for previous years of under-compensation. The average annual pay of letter-carriers, in normal times, on basic salaries, for the first nine years of service, is \$742. No estimate of the cost of decent living for a family in any of our larger cities, even before the war, was as low as \$742. But \$742 was the average annual pay for the first nine years of service, in 1915, for all letter-carriers, both deliverers and collectors. The deliverers became specialists, under rigid rules, at delivering. The collectors became specialists, under rigid rules, at collecting. And many of them, collectors as well as deliverers, had worked their way to the \$1,100 and to the \$1,200 grades. That is, they had come to the goal, they had come to the reward, held up before them by the Department during their long previous service in the lower grades and as substitutes.

Therefore on February 4, 1915, the First Assistant Postmaster General issued an order to all postmasters as follows:

"It is desired that in the future the maximum salary of letter-carriers assigned to the collection of mail be fixed at \$1,000 per annum."

Immediately many collectors were reduced to \$1,000 from \$1,100 and from \$1,200 in manifest disregard of the implied promise of promotions made to them by the Department when they entered the service. Congress intervened. It was an intervention essentially on behalf of public national honesty. On July 28, 1916, Congress forbade the Post Office Department to make any distinction in salary between letter-carriers assigned to delivery and letter-carriers assigned to collection. The collectors who had been temporarily reduced then asked Mr. Burleson to compensate them for the pay they had lost during their period of reduction. Mr. Burleson could find no warrant in law for any such compensation. The collectors then sued him in the Court of Claims; and their suit continues; and one more resentment is added to the hundreds of resentments which have shaken the service by shaking the morale of the service under Mr. Burleson.

His ultimate meanness (in the field of city delivery) has been in "scaling" and "adjusting" regular letter-carriers all the way down into the rank of substitutes with a numerousness never before known in the Department.

The substitute system is itself an atrocity. It was described without emotion but with telling detail to the House Committee on Post Office in December of 1917 by Mr. E. A. Whitney, a substitute carrier in the post office at Chicago. Mr. Whitney had entered the service on May 22, 1914. After three and a half years he was still a substitute. He reported for duty at 6:10 in the morning. He remained on the bench on call, all day. Some days he got four hours' work. Some days he got two hours'. Some days he got none. His average earnings were from \$40 to \$50 a month. He said, with patent truth:

"When a substitute has advanced on the list to receive his appointment as regular, his financial condition is such that when he receives his \$800 per annum he is so far behind in his finances that the \$800 does not relieve his condition, and it is not until he advances to the \$1,000 grade, or perhaps beyond, that he is able to catch up anywhere near what he went behind when he was a substitute."

These are the men whose wages Mr. Burleson wanted to reduce in 1914, and these are the conditions (of substitute servitude) into which he delights to re-submerge the letter-carrier who has struggled out of them.

Reductions from letter-carrier to substitute, before Mr. Burleson became Postmaster General, were infrequent. In the years 1909 to 1914, the count of them was, by years, 5; 4; 10; 12; 13; 15. They were negligible. But by the end of the year

1914 the Burleson system was working. In the years 1915 and 1916 and 1917 the count of the reductions from letter-carrier to substitute was, by years, 220; 206; 303.

The one argument to take a good man into the civil service is security, solidity. A Burleson civil service is a sieve through the holes of which every man feels himself likely at any time to be arbitrarily dropped lower or dropped out.

In this spirit Mr. Burleson approached the recent period during which there have been efforts in Congress to raise the level of the wages of government employees to meet the enormously increased cost of living.

In the early part of the year 1917, for the year ending June 30, 1918 (commonly called the fiscal year 1918), Congress enacted a ten per cent advance and a five per cent advance for certain groups of employees in the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill. But the postal-service employees, strictly so called, were not covered by that bill. They are paid out of the regular Post Office Appropriation Bill. In that second bill, in the Post Office bill, there was no percentage advance for post-office clerks and city-delivery letter-carriers and railway mail clerks. It was suggested. But it was excluded. It was excluded by special advice and by special pressure from Mr. Burleson. For the postal-service employees the annual promotions would be quite enough and quite fair, according to the Department.

But not according to the facts. Thousands of clerks and carriers had already risen to their highest possible regular grades. They had ceased to go up. They were no longer getting any wage-advance whatsoever by promotion. And now, in the fiscal year 1918, because of Mr. Burleson, they got no wage advance whatsoever by percentage. The legislative, executive and judicial employees got it. The postal-service employees, protected by Mr. Burleson, did not get it.

One year later, in the Post Office Appropriation bill for the fiscal year 1919, the postal-service employees were advanced in some cases \$200 and in other cases \$100 under an intricate temporary device by which the old promotions were suspended and new temporary higher salary-grades were installed. One more year later, in the Post Office Appropriation bill for the fiscal year 1920, the new grades were retained but the promotions were resumed—another intricate device, the result of which will be that the lower-grade employees will get their old customary annual advance of \$100, and the top-grade employees (and they alone) will get a genuine additional advance of \$100 above routine. This advance was earnestly opposed by the Department.

In the face of an almost daily rise in the price of commodities the First Assistant Postmaster General told the House Committee on Post Office that salaries of postal-service employees for the fiscal year 1920 should be precisely what they were for the fiscal year 1919.

Congress over-ruled Mr. Burleson; but, after all, it over-ruled him only slightly; and Mr. Burleson when he looks back over the long and ardent race between himself and the welfare of his employees, can clearly acclaim himself the winner.

The basic salaries of the letter-carriers, for instance, were fixed in 1907. In the calendar year 1907 a top-grade letter-carrier got \$1,050. In the calendar year 1918 a top-grade letter-carrier got \$1,300. It was an increase of approximately 24 per cent. But the cost of foods from 1907 to 1918, as demonstrated by the findings of the government's Bureau of Labor Statistics, increased more than 100 per cent; and the cost of fabrics, as demonstrated by the government's new Industrial Board, has recently increased even more astonishingly than the cost of foods. Mr. Burleson can say that by constant vigilance he has quite succeeded in preventing his employees from coming anywhere near an equalization of their wages and their expenses.

He owes this success partly to his pressure on Congress against advances and partly to his continuous ruthless application of all rules tending toward reductions and toward removals of older men and toward their replacement by men younger and lower-graded and cheaper.

In the Department there is a certain rule called the 150-day rule. If any employee is absent for more than 150 days, he may be dropped. Under former Postmaster Generals this rule was used principally for preventing employees from imposing on the Department by, for instance, going into a new business and keeping their Post Office appointment as a second string to their bow. Under Mr. Burleson it began to be used as a rule for implacable economy and cruelty and hatred between the mass of the employees and the head-office of the Department at Washington.

In Weehawken there was a carrier called Concannon. He got a cold and then got a touch of tuberculosis. His doctor thought he could be cured. But after 142 days of absence-without-pay, he was not cured. He returned and tried to walk his route but collapsed. Still it was thought by his doctor that six months more might cure him. The editor of the Hudson Dispatch, Mr. Haddon Ivins, noticed his case. He went to Washington for him and saw the First Assistant Postmaster General and set up the following facts:

That Mr. Concannon had walked a route of twenty miles for many years. That he had been

a carrier now for a total of twenty-six years. That a carrier is a highly skilled man obliged, for instance, to learn many "schemes" of distribution and also obliged to pass constant speed-tests in distribution, such as making-up each seven pieces of misdirected mail in one minute and such as writing-up each change of address in one-half minute. That this skill is useful only to the government's Post Office Department. That there is no rival post-office to which it can be sold. That to deprive a postal-service employee of his position is most peculiarly and effectively to deprive him of his livelihood. That Mr. Concannon, according to his doctor, might recover. And that his chances of recovery would be greatly increased if he knew that when he came back his position would be there.

The First Assistant Postmaster General was moved. He told Mr. Ivins that he would extend Mr. Concannon's leave of absence. He would extend it by ninety days. And then by another ninety days if necessary. Mr. Ivins returned to his home. Local Branch 96 of the National Association of Letter Carriers invited him to attend a meeting to receive the thanks of the members. As he was starting out for the meeting he received a letter. It was from the First Assistant Postmaster General. The First Assistant regretted to say that his ruling in the Concannon case had been countermanded by Mr. Burleson himself. Mr. Burleson himself had decided that there could be no exception made to the 150-day rule. Mr. Concannon's leave could not be extended.

In other words, Mr. Concannon and all other similar unfortunates among the older men must be swept from the service. Let inexperienced and low-waged men come in as substitutes from the bottom. By such means, in spite of wage-advances by Congress and in spite of annual promotions the final annual wage-bill for letter-carriers can be kept quite stable. In the year 1918, compared with the year 1917, the cost of living increased some fifteen per cent. In the year 1918, compared with the year 1917, the average wage of letter-carriers, up to and including the oldest and highest of them, increased from \$1,125.50 to \$1,131.26—one-half of one per cent.

It was a highly successful year for Mr. Burleson. But in these days one cannot go on sweat-shopping successfully without achieving certain other successes incidentally and unintentionally. Mr. Burleson's greatest incidental and unintentional success is the next chapter of his career as Postmaster General. It consists of doing what no previous Postmaster General was ever able to do. It consists of driving postal-service employees by scores of thousands into the American Federation of Labor.

WILLIAM HARD.

The Industrial Crisis in Great Britain

THIS week, the last in February, 1919, the industrial world of Great Britain faces the first of the crises in the relation of capital and labor which have been generally foreseen as the outcome of the war. The Miners' Federation, representing with its 800,000 membership, practically the whole wage-earning staff of the British coal, shale and ironstone mines from Fife to Somerset, has balloted for a general strike of the industry. The votes show a five to one majority for the issue of notices to expire on March 15th. The miners demand a 30 per cent increase in wages, not merely on the plea that their earnings must be made to keep pace with the cost of living (officially certified as 120 per cent above that in July, 1914), but also as a claim for a higher standard of life. They ask also for a six hour day, explaining that (according to the "jokers" inserted in the Eight Hours act of 1908, which excludes from the statutory maximum both "winding times," and also counts it from the last man down to the first man up) the six hours would mean to each man, on an average, seven hours from bank to bank.

More important even than these demands, the miners ask also for the elimination from their industry of the profitmaker, that is to say for the nationalization of the coal supply, a far-reaching reform for which the Miners' Federation has been pressing for at least seven years. The men's struggle is not, as it was in 1912, with the mine-owners alone. It is today directly with the government, the mine-owners being in the background. Under the stress of war the government took over two years ago the control of all the 1,500 colliery companies working the 3,300 pits, and is now, without unification of ownership, directing the operations of the industry, under a complicated system by which the companies are all virtually guaranteed their pre-war profits. Their output, their coal-trucks and their profits are pooled; their prices and deliveries are regulated; and they are allowed to share among themselves, over and above their swollen dividends of past years, only five per cent of the excess profits (but they get this free of Income Tax and Excess Profits Duty), the remainder accruing to the state. The Miners' Federation asserts that this complicated system of control secures none of the economies of a unification of ownership; and, moreover, takes a huge tribute for the Exchequer out of the proceeds of the industry. The government has, so far, not dared to announce its intention of handing the mines back to private enterprise; and the Miners'

Federation now insists on the immediate concession of "the principle of nationalization," leaving the details to be worked out later.

The miners have a strong strategic position in their unity, in their accumulated, corporate funds and individual savings and in the unusually low level of stocks of coal. But they count also on allies. They are united in what is called the Triple Alliance with the National Union of Railwaymen (450,000 members) and the federal organization of the Transport Workers which comprises several hundred thousand dock, waterside and rivercraft workers. Both these organizations are pressing large demands on their own employers, and the negotiations in both cases are almost at a deadlock. It is probable that a general strike by the miners would be accompanied, or very quickly followed, by an equally general strike of the railwaymen and transport workers. If only three-fourths of these two million men leave work three weeks hence, the entire industrial life of Britain stops, and with it wages in every trade and the local food supply.

The government is hoping that the negotiations with the railwaymen and transport workers will be so conducted as to satisfy their most urgent claims. Meantime it is setting up, by Act of Parliament, a special Commission of Enquiry into the miners' demands, which is to report by the 20th of March on wages and hours, and as soon as possible on all other questions, including the project of nationalization. Under the strongest pressure from the government the Miners' Federation has agreed to take part in this enquiry, and to postpone the expiry of its strike notices until March 22nd; but only on the express condition that the Miners' Federation is to nominate half the members of the Commission, not all of them necessarily miners. Under no circumstances will they withhold their notices to leave work at the expiration of three weeks.

What will happen is uncertain. It may be that the government will tell the Commission not only to report before March 20th, and give the necessary hint that it would be well advised to report in favor of the principle of nationalization, an elaborate plan for which—worked out by the Fabian Research Department—it has had for over two years before it. If it did this, and at the same time recommended substantial concessions as to wages and hours, before March 20th, no doubt the strike would be called off. These three concessions (including nationalization), as even the Times editorially declared last week (February 18th), ought to have been made at once. It is, indeed, rumored that something like this was, at one moment, in Mr. Lloyd George's mind. It seems, however, that the Cabinet, which has just decided

on the national ownership and management of the projected "super-power stations" for the generation of electricity, and which has found itself faced also with the necessity of presently nationalizing the railways and canals, is apparently not willing to take on at the same time the nationalization of the coal and iron mines.

Hence a rival project has been put up, which—in order to catch the favor of those employers and workmen who incline to profit-sharing and guild socialism—is significantly designated "joint control." The Mine-owners' Association, which has hitherto kept the trade unions at arms' length, has elaborated a plan for a National Council of Mine-owners and Trade Union Representatives, which should, it is suggested, jointly control—not the management of each pit, not even the policy of the trade as a whole, not prices or processes, but—surplus profits! This ingenious plan is that a public accountant shall be employed to take regularly from each concern its figures as to wages and cost of working on the one side, and its receipts on the other. These are all to be added without disclosure of details, and the aggregate result is to be presented annually to the Council. There is then to be first charged (a) a prescribed rate of interest on the nominal aggregate capitalization (?); (b) the ascertained costs of working; and (c) the aggregate wages. Any surplus shall then be shared between capital and labor. This is the scheme which, if there is a strike, is to be boomed throughout the nation to impress public opinion, as the more reasonable alternative to nationalization, equal as between mine-owner and operative, free from the drawbacks of government interference, red-tape and bureaucracy.

It is curious how slow the employers are to recognize that the trade union leaders are, in some respects, better educated in economics and statistics than the mine-owners themselves. The Miners' Federation points out at once that the so-called joint control scheme gives the workmen no control at all; that it secures none of the economies and other advantages of unification of financial interests, of the mines themselves, and of the distribution of the product; that it practically stereotypes, and, as it were, consecrates the profiteering of the past five years, and virtually converts these swollen profits into well secured debenture interests; and, finally, that its aim is plainly to bring any future demands for better wages up against the impregnable iron wall of the accountant's certificate. There is, indeed, something altogether too naive in the proposed "prescribed rate of interest" on an absolutely unverified and purely nominal capitalization. If the Commission reports in favor of this scheme

of joint control, instead of nationalization, the strike will go on to the bitter end.

What the end will be no one can foretell. Times are grave. It is reported that, if things come to an issue, the government intends to make a firm stand, to stick at nothing, and to use all its resources to bring the Miners' Federation to its knees. The Defence of the Realm act, which remains in force until peace is formally declared, enables the government virtually to legislate by fiat. It can make the strike, or any incident of it a penal offense. It owns all the imported and much of the home-produced food, and can control its distribution. It can arrest all the miners' leaders, seize all the trade union investments, and embargo all the bank balances. It can garrison the mining districts with troops, though the soldiers now have views of their own, stop all communications and barricade the roads. The policy of the blockade, which has brought death to three-quarters of a million men, women and children in Germany can now be applied to the mining villages of Durham and Yorkshire, Nottingham and Somerset. If the railwaymen and transport workers strike in sympathy, the government believes that it can run some of the trains, and unload some of the ships by improvised staffs.

But it cannot dig coal, and without coal there will soon be widespread distress. What is even more serious is the danger that the government, in spite of all its skillful appeal to popular prejudice, with nearly the whole press on its side, may nevertheless arouse a spirit that it cannot allay. Any attempt to stop food going to the mining districts (which are, of course, not without inhabitants unconnected with the dispute, or, indeed, with the mining industry; and are mainly supplied by the local cooperative societies) would bring the whole cooperative movement up in arms. Any seizure of trade union funds would stir the trade union movement to its depths. Moreover, the miners would "march to the food." There are not prisons enough to contain them. It is very doubtful whether troops would be found to stop them. The outcome may be dramatic and momentous.

The government is now in a hole, and it will be again and again in a hole, owing to its failure to think out in advance the inevitable consequences of peace. But whilst it ought to have formulated its policy before, it can still, through the Commission, take the right course. Everything now turns on the Commission, and the private instructions that will be given to its chairman or other members. The chairman is already chosen, a judge of the High Court. The other names will be announced soon. There will probably be two or three members of the Miners' Federation and two or

three of the Mine-owners' Association; a big banker, a shipowner and the chief mining official of the government; and, to balance these, possibly three nominees of the Miners' Federation, chosen from among other trade union leaders and friendly economists or statistical experts. Upon the hastily compiled report of this Commission, the purport of which will reach you by cable in three weeks' time, rests the issue. It is, to say it briefly, nationalization or a calamitous strike.

SIDNEY WEBB.

Kenyon Cox

FOR art criticism by men whose trade is words, and who have neither a painter's eyes nor a painter's learning, Kenyon Cox did not care. He disliked both the technical incompetence of such critics and also their point of view and their intent. Even the best of them, even Walter Pater, of whom Cox has spoken generously in the preface to *Old Masters and New*, sometimes bored him and taxed his patience. "Much rhapsodical nonsense," he said, "has been written about the Mona Lisa and her enigmatic smile, and there have been endless speculations as to her character and the meaning of her expression. It is all beside the mark. The truth is that the Mona Lisa is a study of modelling, little more." The passage is characteristic of Cox, who did not love rhapsody, even when it was the reverse of nonsensical, and who distrusted all those speculations about painting which threatened to carry the critics far from what their eyes had seen. Fromentin was the critic of painting whom he admired wholeheartedly. Second in his esteem, and a long way behind first place, I think he would have put the Goncourts. About his own painting he would have been glad to have nobody but a painter speak or write. One of the few things a friend can do for Kenyon Cox, now that he is gone, is to respect that wish.

It is of Kenyon Cox as a writer of English that I wish to speak today. You may often disagree in opinion with what he says, in dispraise of Cézanne, for example, or in praise of Baudry, nearly all a younger generation does indeed often disagree violently, but if you care enough about English prose to care for it as an art, you cannot be blind to the beauty of the exactness with which Cox knows what he feels and says what he means. No one in our day, no one who has received so many delicate and extremely distinct impressions from pictures and sculpture, has succeeded so thoroughly in translating his impressions into English words. He belongs to the race of perfectly expressive writers, he too could say what he willed and in the manner

that he willed. His chosen and natural manner united quietness with a valiant force. Some writers achieve quietness by understating everything, as if afraid to let themselves go, but Cox had not a grain of timidity in his makeup. To say less than he felt, whether admiration made him reverent or disgust made him savage, was as alien to him as to say more. Never in any doubt as to the data his senses supplied him with, he wrote out their report in words as expressive as new coins. To read him gives me the same kind of pleasure that one gets from watching a man play a game with certainty, with obvious ability to make difficult strokes as often as he pleases, with economy, easily.

Sincerity and clearness are the obvious virtues of Cox's prose. He is no clearer when dealing with Frans Hals, in whom no spiritual secrets are hid, than when he deals with the master of "night and light and the half light," with Rembrandt himself: "He thinks in light and shade even when he seems to be using pure line. It is seldom that there is not a scratch or two of shadow or a blot for the hollow of an eye socket or the like, but even when these are absent it is not the contour which he is drawing—his line follows the mass, suggests the direction of folds or the bagging of muscles, makes sudden deviations, breaks and continues again, bounds a mass of light or loses itself again where the swimming shadow would hide it." This clearness that Cox loved so well is always felt as a positive and pleasure-giving quality in his writing, and it is a simplicity which omits, on the ground that it could not be said simply and clearly, nothing which he wishes to say. A less obvious merit of his prose, always concise, always terse, always freshened and kept close to the visible world by observation, is its flexibility. His moods are as distinctly recorded as what his eye sees or what his mind thinks. "The gentle refinement of the aged face," he says of Whistler's Mother, "the placid pose, with hands folded in the lap, the sweetness and strength of character, the aroma of gentility, the peace of declining years—all these things have been rendered or suggested by the artist with reverent care and sympathy."

Cox's later writing is more flexible and more varied than his earlier, expresses more moods, makes a less infrequent use of his gift for grave beauty. But the range of mood is never very wide. Indeed, when one has said of any writer that his supreme virtue is lucidity has not one denied to him the wider range? And yet how many different things Cox has done in that soundly classical style of his, how many disparate talents he has defined exactly, how many times he has helped us to get, from how many painters of

genius, what he has called "that highest of pleasures, the sense of superiority to our ordinary selves"! For my part, I know that much of the pleasure I now take in Rembrandt, in Rubens, in Paolo Veronese, in Millet, would never have been mine but for the things Kenyon Cox revealed to me, by his writing and his talk.

His talk had many likenesses to his writing. It had the same freedom from superfluous words and blurred lines. It was perfectly easy, perfectly casual and unpretentious, yet he never spoke in ragged sentences, they had each its own shape, its own unconscious obedience to his love of form and bright clearness. These qualities were present no matter what he talked about—pictures, politics, whose view was the best in Cornish, where we both spent our summers, the art of writing, the books that he loved, Keats, Shakespeare, Le Sage, the elder Dumas. But the quality one noticed oftenest, in Cox's writing and talk and life, was his single-minded sincerity. It was that sincerity, apparent even at a first meeting, combined with his deep-seated considerateness of other people, and with his capacity for giving and receiving affection, that made Cox such an incomparable friend. His affection was shy, it was the only thing he could not express easily, but no one to whom he did express it ever undervalued the gift. And no one who ever saw him at home, leading a life brightened as long as health lasted by the incessant work that he loved, could fail to realize that Kenyon Cox's love of work left him time for all the finest human relations.

Borrowing With a Club

AMONG matters now openly criticized which have long been under a conspiracy of silence are the methods employed by many state and local authorities in the promotion of various war campaigns. They made compulsory what the federal authorities had provided should be left voluntary. In many states, partly through war hysteria and partly through the very human desire of men to exercise newly conferred authority over others, there grew up a large body of extra-legal war organizations, often self-appointed, which by wholly illegal means introduced into patriotic and law-abiding communities a reign of terror and violence that will leave its scars for many a day. And although many of those who were responsible for such unfortunate conditions thought they were doing the Lord's work, this does not lessen the fact that they defeated the only end which could have excused such means—namely, a unifying of the people behind the war aims and activities of the

government. All that they accomplished was to breed suspicion, bitterness and dissension, where all should have been harmony, cooperation and good will.

Iowa offers a typical example of such conditions. In that most prosperous, intelligent and patriotic of grain belt states real disloyalty was at a minimum. After the causes and purposes of the war were understood, its people as a whole were united in hearty, enthusiastic support of the government and none more so than the farmers, who constitute the bulk of its population. There was educational and organization work to be done for promoting the various war campaigns, but for police work the state and federal departments of justice and their constabulary were ample. The Iowa legislature had not legalized any council of defense, as was done in some states, but the Governor chose a body of men as advisers in whom the state's war activities could center. So far all was well and good, and the state settled down to creating its war organization and to doing its full share and more in support of the war.

But, unfortunately, in selecting the twenty-two members of his war cabinet, the Governor failed to include a single representative Iowa farmer, although, as the federal census shows, the population and wealth of the state is largely rural in character. Its membership included prominent manufacturers, representatives of large corporations and the public utilities, leading professional men and capitalists. A number of them, including the principal figures, had previous records that more than justified a suspicion that they were hostile to the political, social and economic views of the farmers, especially where expressed through their organizations. The only members who by any stretch of the imagination could be considered representatives of the state's predominating agricultural interests were a gentleman-farmer, whose most active years were spent as a prominent official of the New York Central Railroad, and the publisher of the leading agricultural journal of the state, who was afterwards expelled by the other members for his opposition to their methods.

A majority of the members of the Iowa State Council of Defense were not satisfied with the policies laid down by the administration at Washington for the conduct of the war. They did not go far enough nor fast enough to suit them. So, while the federal department of justice and members of the President's cabinet were counselling sanity and caution, lest passions be aroused and violence encouraged, such as the Illinois lynching, the Iowa State Council of Defense was creating a war organization whose purpose was not to unite the state but to stir up trouble. Local bureaus of

military affairs or vigilance committees were organized to search out disloyalty and to enforce their own decrees, without any process of law. Men wholly unfitted by nature or experience to perform the delicate duties of police officials were selected in various communities to exercise the duties of secret service officers and permitted to carry arms.

Next the State Council of Defense, beholding the political triumphs of the Nonpartisan League in other states, made the mistake of ordering that organization to stay out of Iowa. The League officials requested a public meeting to discuss the matter with representatives of the Council of Defense, to which it pledged its loyal support in all war activities, but the latter refused to consider the proposition. Then, to cap the climax of Iowa's official war hysteria, Governor Harding issued a proclamation forbidding the use in public of any language excepting English, not even excepting the languages of Allied and neutral countries. From then on things moved fast and furiously in the Hawkeye state. The ordinary processes of law and order were swept aside; constitutional guarantees were forgotten and Iowa entered on a reign of terror. Schools and churches, built and attended by foreign born populations, were burned; patriotic meetings of foreigners, addressed in their native tongue, were broken up. A farmer who had proved himself by word and deed one of the most patriotic and generous of men in his support of the government was shot because he refused to comply with the orders of the bureau of military affairs in a distant town. He was commanded to appear before them and show reason why he should not be fined or sent to jail for asking a neighbor, in the only language the man understood, if he could use his scales to weigh some cattle. A member of the State Council of Defense, who was mayor of an Iowa city, sent his chief of police forty-five miles into another county and had a loyal citizen dragged from his home at night, a man whose only offense was that he was helping to organize the farmers of his community, contrary to the orders of the defense council. He was taken to the police station, surrounded by officers, refused the presence of friendly witnesses and compelled under threats to sign a paper whose contents are unknown to him to this day. Three strangers in an Iowa town (one of them a Boston newspaper man) were mobbed because they failed to applaud criticisms of the Nonpartisan League at a public meeting.

Similar methods were employed in the Liberty Loan, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other war work campaigns. A little group of self-appointed patriots would decide how much each citizen of their community should give. If anyone failed to

subscribe the full amount thus allotted them, they were served with peremptory notices to appear before this self-constituted court, which acted as judge, jury and executioner, without the slightest legal authority. Usually such notices contained something to make it appear that what was done was with the sanction of some of the departments at Washington, and that the victim would be subject to arrest and punishment if he did not report promptly. In these "kangaroo courts" men and women were humiliated, abused, threatened and cajoled until it was a brave and rash person who did not accede to the demands made upon him and sign checks for the amount which he had been assessed, often with an additional sum as a fine for his delinquency. All of these things were done not only without the disapproval, but with the actual endorsement and sometimes participation of leading men on the State Council of Defense.

If such instances were peculiar to Iowa alone, or if they were exceptional cases there, they would not be worth repeating; but they are typical of hundreds of similar instances, not in Iowa alone but in many other states, where they continued until after the signing of the armistice.

The thing which is now most important is whether or not there will be an attempt to revive the same old methods in the coming Victory Loan campaign. If so there is one state where they will not succeed and that is in Iowa. The farmers of that state are more fully advised of their legal rights than they were before, and they are going to stand on them. Threats of a coat of yellow paint on their homes, of tar and feathering and of being branded as "disloyalists" and "slackers," have measurably lost their power to terrorize. Any efforts to coerce them will be met with a refusal on their part to cooperate—and also with counter-violence in many cases. It is reported that at a gathering of Liberty Loan workers in Chicago recently, the state manager of former loan campaigns at first refused to become responsible for the fifth campaign, on the grounds that Washington would not back up the methods necessary to raise the state's quota, and that when people wrote the treasury department, asking if there was a law compelling them to accept the full quota allotted them by local committees, the treasury officials replied that there was no law whatever on the subject. In other words, federal officials were guilty of the crime of telling the truth. It is also reported that he received assurances that official Washington would not interfere in any way with his conduct of the coming campaign, nor write any more letters such as he complained of.

But if Washington is as wise as it has proved in previous campaigns, then Washington will soft-

pedal any proposals for a repetition of former methods. All that Washington and all that Iowa or any other agricultural state needs to do to secure a hearty response to their appeals is to go to the farmers fairly, frankly and with an understanding of their situation and explain why the money is needed and what is expected of them. In that case they will do their full duty as patriotic American citizens, whose sons have been fighting and dying for the right, whose wives and daughters have been working for the Red Cross and who themselves have been responding generously to all of the

nation's appeals, in spite of the discouragements which were put in their way. They will do this not only as a duty but as a high privilege. There need be no doubt or fear as to the final outcome of the Fifth Liberty Loan campaign among the farmers if such wise methods are followed. But if another reign of terror and lawlessness is started there is going to be hell to pay, in more than one mid-western state, among a people as peaceful, substantial, public-spirited and patriotic as any in the country.

AUSTIN P. HAINES.

The Undying Fire

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

§ I.

TWO eternal beings, magnificently enhaloed, the one in a blinding excess of white radiance, and the other in a bewildering extravagance of colors, converse amidst stupendous surroundings. These surroundings are by tradition palatial, but there is now also a marked cosmic tendency about them. They have no definite locality; they are above and comprehensive of the material universe.

There is a quality in the scene as if a futurist with a considerable knowledge of modern chemical and physical speculation and some obscure theological animus had repainted the designs of a pre-Raphaelite. The vast pillars vanish into unfathomable darkness, and the complicated curves and whorls of the decorations seem to have been traced by the flight of elemental particles. Suns and planets spin and glitter through the avanturine depths of a floor of crystalline ether. Great winged shapes are in attendance, wrought of iridescences and bearing globes, stars, rolls of the law, flaming swords and similar symbols. The voices of the Cherubim and Seraphim can be heard crying continually, "Holy, Holy, Holy."

Now, as in the ancient story, it is a reception of the sons of God.

The Master of the gathering, to whom one might reasonably attribute a sublime boredom, seeing that everything that can possibly happen is necessarily known to him, displays on the contrary as lively an interest in his interlocutor. This interlocutor is of course Satan, the Unexpected.

The contrast of these two eternal beings is very marked. While the Deity, veiled and almost hidden in light, with his hair like wool and his eyes like the blue of infinite space, conveys an effect of stable, remote and mountainous grandeur, Satan has the compact alertness of habitual travel; he is as definite as a grip-sack, and he brings a flavor of initiative and even bustle upon a scene that would otherwise be one of serene perfection. His halo even has a slightly travelled look. He has been going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it; his labels are still upon him. His status in heaven remains as undefined as it was in the time of Job; it is uncertain to this day whether he is to be regarded as one of the sons of

God or as an inexplicable intruder among them. (But see upon this question the *Encyclopaedia Biblica* under his name.) Whatever his origin there can be little doubt of his increasing assurance of independence and importance in the Divine presence. His freedom may be sanctioned or innate, but he himself has no doubt remaining of the security of his personal autonomy. He believes that he is a necessary accessory to God, and that his incalculable quality is an indispensable relief to the acquiescences of the Archangels. He never misses these reunions. If God is omnipresent by a calm necessity, Satan is everywhere by an infinite activity. They engage in unending metaphysical differences into which Satan has imported a tone of friendly badinage. They play chess together.

But the chess they play is not the little ingenious game that originated in India; it is on an altogether different scale. The Ruler of the Universe creates the board, the pieces and the rules; he makes all the moves; he may make as many moves as he likes whenever he likes; his antagonist however is permitted to introduce a slight inexplicable inaccuracy into each move, which necessitates further moves in correction. The Creator determines and conceals the aim of the game, and it is never clear whether the purpose of the adversary is to defeat or assist him in his unfathomable project. Apparently the adversary cannot win, but also he cannot lose so long as he can keep the game going. But he is concerned, it would seem, in preventing the development of any reasoned scheme in the game.

§ II.

Celestial badinage is at once too high and broad to come readily within the compass of earthly print and understanding. The Satanic element of unexpectedness can fill the whole sphere of Being with laughter; thrills begotten of those vast reverberations startle our poor wits at the strangest moments. It is the humor of Satan to thrust upon the Master his own title of the Unique and to seek to wrest from him the authorship of life. (But such jesting startles the angels.)

"I alone create."

"But I—I ferment."

"Matter I made and all things."

"Stagnant as a sleeping top but for the wobble I give it."

"You are just the little difference of the individual. You are the little Uniqueness in everyone and everything,

the Unique that breaks the law, a marginal idiosyncrasy."
 "Sire, you are the Unique, the Uniqueness of the whole."

Heaven smiled and there were halcyon days in the planets. "I shall average you out in the end and you will disappear."

"And everything will end."

"Will be complete."

"Without me!"

"You spoil the symmetry of my universe."

"I give it life."

"Life comes from me."

"No, Sire, life comes from me."

One of the great shapes in attendance became distinct as Michael bearing his sword. "He blasphemes, O Lord. Shall I cast him forth?"

"But you did that some time ago," answered Satan, speaking carelessly over his shoulder and not even looking at the speaker; "You keep on doing it. And—I am here."

"He returns," said the Lord soothingly. "Perhaps I will him to return. What should we be without him?"

"Without me, time and space would freeze into crystal-line perfection," said Satan, and at his smile the criminal statistics of a myriad planets displayed an upward wave. "It is I who trouble the waters. I trouble all things. I am the spirit of life."

"But the soul," said God.

Satan, sitting with one arm thrown over the back of his throne towards Michael, raised his eyebrows by way of answer. This talk about the soul he regarded as a divine weakness. He knew nothing of the soul.

"I made man in my own image," said God.

"And I made him a man of the world. If it had not been for me he would still be a needless gardener—pretending to cultivate a weedless garden that grew right because it couldn't grow wrong—in 'those endless summers the blessed ones see'. Think of it, ye Powers and Dominions! Perfect flowers! Perfect fruits! Never an autumn chill! Never a yellow leaf! Golden leopards, noble lions, carnivores unfulfilled, purring for his caresses amidst the aimless friskings of lambs that would never grow old! Good Lord! How bored he would have been! How bored! Instead of which, did I not launch him on the most marvellous adventures? It was I who gave him history. Up to the very limit of his possibilities. Up to the very limit. . . . And did not you, O Lord, by sending your angels with their flaming swords, approve of what I had done?"

God gave no answer.

"But that reminds me," said Satan unabashed.

§ III.

The great winged shapes drew nearer, for Satan is the celestial raconteur. He alone makes stories.

"There was a certain man in the land of Uz whose name was Job."

"We remember him."

"We had a wager of sorts," said Satan. "It was some time ago."

"The wager was never very distinct,—and now that you remind me of it, there is no record of your paying."

"Did I lose or win? The issue was obscured by discussion. How those men did talk! You intervened. There was no decision."

"You lost, Satan," said a great Being of Light who bore a book. "The wager was whether Job would lose

faith in God and curse him. He was afflicted in every way, and particularly by the conversation of his friends. But there remains an undying fire in man."

Satan rested his dark face on his hand, and looked down between his knees through the pellucid floor to that little eddying in the ether which makes our world. "Job," he said, "lives still."

Then after an interval: "The whole earth is now—Job."

Satan delights equally in statistics and in quoting scripture. He leant back in his seat with an expression of quiet satisfaction. "Job," he said, in easy narrative tones, "lived to a great age. After his disagreeable experiences he lived one hundred and forty years. He had again seven sons and three daughters, and he saw his offspring for four generations. So much is classical. These ten children brought him seventy grandchildren, who again prospered generally and had large families. (It was a prolific strain.) And now if we allow three generations to a century, and the reality is rather more than that, and if we take the survival rate as roughly three to a family, and if we agree with your excellent Bishop Usher that Job lived about thirty-five centuries ago, that gives us—. How many? Three to the hundred and fifth power? . . . It is at any rate a sum vastly in excess of the present population of the earth. . . . You have globes and rolls and swords and stars here;—has anyone a slide rule?"

But the computation was brushed aside.

"A thousand years in my sight are but as yesterday when it is past. I will grant what you seek to prove; that Job has become mankind."

§ IV.

The dark regard of Satan smote down through the quivering universe and left the toiling light waves behind. "See there," he said pointing. "My old friend on his little planet,—Adam—Job—Man—like a roast on a spit. It is time we had another wager."

God condescended to look with Satan at mankind, circling between day and night. "Whether he will curse or bless?"

"Whether he will even remember God."

"I have given my promise that I will at last restore Adam."

The downcast face smiled faintly.

"These questions change from age to age," said Satan.

"The Whole remains the same."

"The story grows longer in either direction," said Satan, speaking as one who thinks aloud; "past and future unfold together. . . . When the first atoms jarred I was there, and so conflict was there—and progress. The days of the old story have each expended to hundreds of millions of years now, and still I am in them all. The sharks and crawling monsters of the early seas, the first things that crept out of the water into the jungle of fronds and stems, the early reptiles, the leaping and flying dragons of the great age of life, the mighty beasts of hoof and horn that came later; they all fared and suffered and were perplexed. At last came this Man of yours, out of the woods, hairy, beetle-browed and blood-stained, peering not too hopefully for that Eden-bower of the ancient story. It wasn't there. There never had been a garden. He had fallen before he arose, and the weeds and thorns are as ancient as the flowers. The Fall goes back in time now beyond man, beyond the world, beyond imagination. The very stars were born in sin. . . .

"If we can still call it sin," mused Satan. . . .

"On a little planet this Thing arises, this red earth, this Adam, this Edomite, this Job. He builds cities, he tills the earth, he catches the lightning and makes a slave of it, he changes the breed of beast and grain. Clever things to do, but still petty things. You say that in some manner he is to come up at last to *this*. . . . He is too foolish and too weak. His achievements only illuminate his limitations. Look at his little brain box boxed up from growth in a skull of bone! Look at his bag of a body full of rags and rudiments, a haggis of diseases! His life is decay. . . . Does he grow? I do not see it. Has he made any perceptible step forward in quality in the last ten thousand years? He quarrels endlessly and aimlessly with himself. . . . In a little while his planet will cool and freeze."

"In the end he will rule over the stars," said the voice that was above Satan. "My spirit is in him."

Satan shaded his face with his hand from the effulgence about him. He said no more for a time, but sat watching mankind as a boy might sit on the bank of a stream and watch the fry of minnows in the clear water of a shallow.

"Nay," he said at last, "but it is incredible. It is impossible. I have disturbed and afflicted him long enough. I have driven him as far as he can be driven. But now I am moved to pity. Let us end this dispute. It has been interesting, but now—. Is it not enough? It grows cruel. He has reached his limit. Let us give him a little peace now, Lord, a little season of sunshine and plenty, and then some painless universal pestilence and so let him die."

"He is immortal and he does but begin."

"He is mortal and near his end. At times no doubt he has a certain air that seems to promise understanding and mastery in his world; it is but an air; give me the power to afflict and subdue him but a little, and after a few squeaks of faith and hope he will whine and collapse like any other beast. He will behave like any kindred creature with a smaller brain and a larger jaw; he too is doomed to suffer to no purpose, to struggle by instinct merely to live, to endure for a season and then to pass. . . . Give me but the power and you shall see his courage snap like a rotten string."

"You may do all that you will to him, only you must not slay him. For my spirit is in him."

"That he will cast out of his own accord,—when I have ruined his hopes, mocked his sacrifices, blackened his skies and filled his veins with tortures. . . . But it is too easy to do. Let me just slay him now and end his story. Then let us begin another, a different one, and something more amusing. Let us, for example, put brains—and this Soul of yours—into the ants or the bees or the beavers! Or take up the octopus, already a very tactful and intelligent creature!"

"No; but do as you have said, Satan. For you also are my instrument. Try Man to the uttermost. See if he is indeed no more than a little stir amidst the slime, a fuss in the mud that signifies nothing. . . ."

§ V.

The Satan, his face hidden in shadow, seemed not to hear this, but remained still and intent upon the world of men.

And as that brown figure, with its vast halo like the worn tail of some fiery peacock, brooded high over the realms of being, this that follows happened to a certain man upon the earth.

H. G. WELLS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Law as Amended

SIR: In your March 1, 1919 issue, William J. Robinson, M. D., asks what Morris Zucker was sentenced for. I have since examined the indictment in his case on file in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court in Brooklyn, and find that he was convicted on January 14, 1919, after the New Republic made the statement in the November 9, 1918 issue, to which I referred. Further, my letter expressly considered the Espionage Act "as originally passed." Zucker was convicted on an indictment charging violations of clauses *added* by the Amendment of May 16, 1918, and not for any of the three offenses included in the original act and mentioned in my letter. He was sentenced for the offense set forth in the indictment, which space would not permit setting forth in full in this letter, but which is on file open to inspection.

I would not pretend to know more about a case than the twelve jurors and judge who heard and saw the witnesses. Surely no individual or even an editor of the New Republic is possessed of such omniscience that he can say each of the twelve jurors was wrong, no more than a stranger can know better a patient's condition than the physician who examines him. There is ample remedy to correct error, if any, by appeal; or, if the facts warrant the exercise of executive clemency, by the President. The opinion of the New Republic, or of anyone, based upon an assumed state of facts, has practical value only if the assumption is true, accurate and complete.

ROBERT P. STEPHENSON.

New York City.

The League and Irish Freedom

SIR: Has it been suggested that the nearest way for the majority of the Irish people to attain their political independence lies through heartily favoring rather than opposing the League of Nations? That League once firmly established, Ireland's situation becomes simplified, for with such guarantees against sudden attack from without Great Britain would no longer be endangered by even an independent Irish republic next door. It seems not impossible that a guarantee of Ireland's independence after the League of Nations had been fairly tested for, say, ten years might prepare Ireland to accept meanwhile a suitable home rule, with such guarantees as would in some degree satisfy Ulster.

E. N. VALLANDIGHAM.

Newark, Delaware.

The Ghost of the Holy Alliance

SIR: It is supposed that history is useful for the instruction of statesmen; in particular that reading the fate of the Holy Alliance is the way to learn how not to make a League of Nations, and that the recent record of the Balkans teaches effective twentieth-century methods of stirring up wars.

Now as to the Holy Alliance, it came to grief by undertaking to obstruct the liberation of oppressed populations from their rulers. The proposed covenant of the new League undertakes to do the same. It forbids any individual power ever to repeat the action by which certain foreign interventions made possible the unification of Italy and the independence of Greece, Cuba, and the United States, and it explicitly renounces for itself any power or

willingness ever to act for such purposes. It merely allows that if the oppressed are able to throw off the oppressors by themselves without help, they may. But it does not, so far as I observe, forbid any other Power to help the oppressors put down the insurrection.

But the oppressed may rebel without help. Here is where the Balkans might be looked to for an example. Of course the oppressed will have the help of individual volunteers like Lafayette, Byron, Funston; of course sympathizers with the insurrection will come together in foreign countries and will try to smuggle guns and compact bodies of volunteers to them; of course the charge that these committees of sympathizers are guiltily favored by their government will be officially made and denied whenever a dozen guns are successfully smuggled; and if more is needed to nullify arbitration and start war, what are the Balkans worth as an object-lesson?

The League must change its covenant so as to take to itself the function of dispossessing a power proved to be persistently oppressive in a given territory. Otherwise it is simply a riveting down of the safety-valve; in that case, the weaker the rivets the better.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

Proportional Representation

SIR: When H. G. Wells's book *In the Fourth Year* was reviewed in the *New Republic*, the reviewer intimated that Mr. Wells's enthusiasm for proportional representation was unworthy of a serious thinker. May I point out that the result of the recent British Parliamentary election proves the rightness of Mr. Wells and the tremendous need for and importance of proportional representation. And Mr. Wells is not alone. Viscount Bryce, the Marquis of Lansdowne, H. H. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, A. J. Balfour, Viscount Milner, Philip Snowden and Lord Rhondda are among its English advocates.

Proportional representation means that each party secures the same proportion of the seats in the representation body that the total popular vote of the party bears to the total vote cast. In the December election the British Labor Party cast one-fourth of the total vote but secured only 59 seats out of a House of Commons of 707. With proportional representation it would have won one-fourth of the seats or 175 instead of 59. The Asquithian Liberals with one-eighth of the vote would have had about 90 seats instead of 26. Finally Lloyd George and the Tory coalition would have had not 485 seats and a majority of 263 over all other parties combined, but approximately 360 seats and a majority of only a dozen seats over all other parties combined.

Proportional representation, however, does more than apportion the seats equitably among the parties. It insures the election of the leaders of each party. With it Mr. Henderson, Mr. Asquith and others who could make a real contribution to the solution of the problems of peace and reconstruction would be in Parliament leading the fight instead of working on the outside at a disadvantage.

I submit that an electoral reform which would change so radically the complexion of one of the world's greatest representative bodies should not be confused with the patching up of direct primary laws and other minor issues. Proportional representation is one of the fundamentals. Until we get it the individual voter and great groups of voters will be powerless to make their ballots effective.

Boston, Massachusetts.

CHARLES H. PORTER.

The Test of Being Greek

SIR: Will you be so gracious as to insert in the columns of the *New Republic* a few remarks from an Epirote on the remarkable article which appeared lately on "The Peace of the Balkans?"

Mr. Brailsford is a veteran Balkan student. He knows the Balkans pretty thoroughly. But the veteran friends of the Balkans are like the veteran statesmen of Europe, somewhat one-sided in their sympathies. Mr. Brailsford, for instance, like the Buxton Brothers, and like Mr. Bouchier, is a great Balkan scholar, but is well known for his extreme attachment to Bulgaria and to Albania.

The study of Mr. Brailsford on Albania is excellent. Even we Epiotes, who have suffered at the hands of the wild tribes of the Albanians what the Armenians have suffered at the hands of the Kurds in Asia Minor, are in sympathy with the creation of an Albanian state, if such a thing is at all possible. Where we Epiotes join issue with Mr. Brailsford is on Northern Epirus. Mr. Brailsford claims that Northern Epirus is Albanian. What are his arguments? "Albanian is the home language, and the women and children, when I was last there (in 1903) still spoke nothing else." The argument, then, is the language. Mr. Brailsford claims that if the Northern Epiotes speak Albanian they are Albanians. But what of the Bretons in France who at home speak only Gaelic, like the Welsh in England? Are they not to be considered French?

But Mr. Brailsford goes on: "None the less, a large proportion, perhaps the majority of the Christians of the town (Koritsa), being Orthodox by religion, and therefore Greek by culture, regard themselves also as politically Greek."

Here is an admission which is so strangely inconsistent with the statement that the Northern Epiotes are Albanians. What difference does it make if the Northern Epiotes speak Albanian at home, as the Bretons speak Gaelic at home, if the Northern Epiotes feel Greek? It is the will, not the language, that we are concerned about now. And we, as former Northern Epiotes, are very glad that Mr. Brailsford admits that the Northern Epiotes are Greek in feeling, in religion, and in culture. As to language, the Northern Epiotes speak as a rule, three or four of them, but they read and write and study only Greek, and that, too, of their own free will.

N. J. CASSAVETER.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Lodge in 1906

SIR: In view of Senator Lodge's unvarying opposition to the League of Nations, it is perhaps not unfair to recall that in 1906 it was the Senator who was the avowed and almost the sole champion of the plan to have the United States represented at the Algeiras Conference to settle the affairs of Morocco, affairs in which the United States had little direct interest. This conference was one of the first attempts to secure international control of situations which might well lead to war, and apparently, in spite of the Monroe Doctrine, the Senator highly approved of it at the time. The fact that the United States' invitation was due to Kaiser Wilhelm is perhaps irrelevant. Also irrelevant, perhaps, that the plan had the approval of a Republican president and secretary of state.

ROBERT E. ROGERS.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

After the Play

IT is as a success for Mr. George M. Cohan that one thinks of *A Prince There Was*. The advertisement says impudently, George M. Himself, yet the impudence is more than justified by the performance. Within the limits he sets for himself, his play and his acting get over. Never in recent years has he got so close to his own line of comedy, or managed his hand so well.

In Mr. Cohan there is a vein of romance. It is much cruder romance than that of the supreme day-dreamer, J. M. Barrie. George M. Cohan is not the kind of person who looks inside. He has, of course, his own internal arrangements but they are not personal arrangements: they indicate what is popularly going on, after the fashion of a Western Union clock. But without that queer arterial self-consciousness which distinguishes Barrie, that smiling witness to the ego who struts behind our clock-face, Mr. Cohan has a rich instinct for the day-dream that is common to his kind. It is in large degree a Broadway kind, yet it can fairly be called national, though it runs so narrowly up and down.

The gospel according to Broadway is not a Pharisee's gospel. O. Henry brooded over it and played with it and swung his searchlight into its heart. Richard Harding Davis tried for it, unsuccessfully. His collar was too stiff. Eugene Walters focussed its tragedy once or twice. George M. Cohan was born to it, and has it in his veins. In the present version it is mercifully not strident. A repletion with "success"—that is to say, money and recognition and opportunity—has taken the edge off that vulgarity which is often so raucous on Broadway. Mr. Cohan gives us a Prince of plutocracy to whom money means little or nothing, who is throwing his life away. He is, indeed, a Prince Charming. But after a swift and easy success he loses at one blow his wife and little child, and for four years he allows himself to drift, drowning his sorrow in drink. It is not as a fine young millionaire perched in the Plaza that he is directly presented, but as a young man with all life before him and yet a wastrel, a man who went down at the first wallop because he'd never "bumped the bumps." There is a parent in every heart that yearns to reform a lovable rake, and Mr. Cohan's simplest task is to make this unfortunate fellow lovable. How does he do it? He paves the way by making him indifferent, reckless, whimsical. The young man flips a coin to decide whether he'll stay in town or go to his country place. He orders "time-tables," any sort of time-tables. His old friend Jack Carruthers pleads with him, preaches to him. Nothing doing. But . . . "a little child shall lead them." This is an orphan straight out of Dickens. Instead of being in bed at the right hour every night, she is a drudge in a wretched boarding-house. One of the boarders, Miss Woods, is an authoress, and Comfort, the child, has trudged all the way from 97th St. to find Mr. Carruthers, editor of "the magazine-paper," to beg him to buy good Miss Wood's stories. Instead of Carruthers the child finds the man with a To Let sign on his heart. And so the wastrel becomes "Mr. Prince."

It is distinctly up to Comfort (Miss Marie Vernon) and "Mr. Prince" (George M. Cohan) to give the right kind of unconsciousness to this intensely sentimental appeal. Under the circumstances we know what most Broadway actors would do: they would avail themselves of the wastrel and the waif to underscore and red-ink every bit of tenderheartedness. They would sugar their voices and lay on the agony several miles thick. But Mr. Cohan and the clear-

voiced little Miss Vernon give their interview in his Plaza apartment all the glamour of which such an interview is capable. It was a slow performance the night I saw it, but easy and sensitive and tenderly amusing. Both Miss Vernon and Mr. Cohan stayed squarely in character. Mr. Cohan's real appreciation of the child's role of unsuspected hardship and his skill in not exaggerating it to her had an unusual humanness, but the best of his performance was his really quiet responsiveness. He gave the values to that interview in which sophisticated Broadway is nearly always disappointed. With this art, Mr. Cohan seemed to say to Broadway, you can lay on all the sentiment you like.

Familiar sentimentality is the rest of the story of *A Prince There Was*. Even as arranged by Mr. Cohan for the New York boarding-house, with the star boarder and all the satellites, it remains one of the world's most serviceable fairy tales, and it runs without a twitch of surprise to its appointed end. But where other hands might have exposed beyond endurance the workings of vulgar sentimentality, Mr. Cohan did give it a certain air of enchantment. The little girl who led "Mr. Prince" to Miss Woods (Miss Phoebe Hunt) is, kindly enough, subordinated; and the situation of "Mr. Prince" buying manuscripts at huge prices from the boarders succeeds in becoming broadly comic. But the little love bug is permitted to nip "Mr. Prince" and Miss Woods in a peculiarly obvious way. So standardized is this requirement to Mr. Cohan the play-expert, he allows Mr. Cohan the actor to act his inevitable love-scene with a touch of burlesque. Miss Phoebe Hunt does nothing to correct this cheapness. She is herself a princess in disguise—only descended on this boarding-house to procure copy for a famous story and unable to keep Comfort from "intercepting" for her. But while her double role gives a slight titillation to the play, it does not remit the necessity that Miss Hunt invest her sense of Prince Charming with some semblance of sincerity and reality. If loud gushing were enough Miss Hunt would be successful, but she does not seem to understand that the act of acting is the art of intimation. She fails to fill the vacuity of her part with even a hint of personality, and Mr. Cohan makes things worse by his grimaces. Still, the cynicisms of Shorty and the terrors of the boarding-house keeper amuse an indulgent audience, and they roar over "Mr. Prince's" purchase of an article on International Law.

The editor's office, where "Mr. Prince" has become a partner, is the scene that follows the rich Plaza apartment and the gramophone sitting room at the boarding-house. Why Mr. Cohan selected magazine promotion for his hero I do not know. It is a dog's career. But the finality of the scene is the Prince in love, speeding gloriously along on the water-wagon right into the arms of Miss Woods. The orphan, of course, is their adopted—already provided with the most dizzying clothes.

Without George Cohan one could scarcely endure *A Prince There Was*. It is slim comedy, though it has occasional Poor Richard pithiness and an easy companionable humor. But with its author to act the hero it is adroit and disarming and contagious. The hand of an artist is on it, moulding a romance for his own Philistine community, where the greatest fairy tale is a tale of love and gold. Fairy tales of this order, ready-to-wear romance, are of course ignoble—probably the most ignoble form of entertainment that decent people guilelessly enjoy. But there is seldom such real sweetness in them as Mr. Cohan imparts to *A Prince There Was*. He would redeem it, if anything could.

F. H.

Books and Things

MORE by design than by accident, a few seasons ago, I missed seeing *The Road to Yesterday*. No play, so my argument ran, can live up to such a good title. What ought to be fanciful and irresponsible will probably be sentimental and coldly ingenious. Instead of following a by-path into forgotten memories, instead of hearing whispers from the dawn of life, I shall find myself personally conducted along a highroad into a prettified epoch labelled, somewhat arbitrarily, the past.

Whether I did well to stay away is more than I know, for no one has told me. But ever since the play left New York I've been rather hoping I might chance upon some such road—upon any road to yesterday—before old age closed all roads to tomorrow; and hoping, until just the other day, in vain. Last week I visited yesterday, not quite as I had intended, not casually, but by going deliberately to the Cleveland Memorial Meeting at the New Amsterdam Theatre. The past accumulated about me as the audience gathered. It was not such a prettified past as I had been afraid of. These men and women were mostly of my own or of a greater age. They looked high-minded, self-respecting, grave, rather drab. They resembled, if I may raise, for a moment, a disused phrase from the dead, those best thinkers who so abounded in 1884. From their faces you guessed that their minds were coeval with the mind of George William Curtis.

The first of the three speakers whom Mr. Parker introduced was exactly the right man to talk to such an audience. So much was plain before Governor Harmon said a word, and his speech cut the impression deeper. He was thinking not of himself at all, but solely of the dead, of the friend he had loved, of the President who deserved well of both party and country, of Mr. Cleveland as "a commanding and permanent world-figure," destined as time went on to appear "more clearly and sharply, like a mountain seen at a distance after the clouds have rolled away." Like the other speakers, Governor Harmon was more concerned with the size of Mr. Cleveland's character than with its contours. His speech was a little dull, a little like a catalogue, recited with piety and feeling, of dried issues and closed questions, a little unreal although quite sincere in its forgetfulness of the fact that there will be many competitors for the attention of posterity.

To convince some of us and to remind others that Mr. Cleveland was a brave man, wise and ruggedly honest—one felt this to be the lonely motive of Governor Harmon's speech. No sense that his words interested you could tempt him to say more than he had come from Ohio to say, no sense that he was not interesting could have made him say less. The other two speakers struck me as not so single-minded. Their wish to do Mr. Cleveland honor was obvious enough, but Mr. McAdoo, not the former Secretary of the Treasury but the chief city magistrate of New York, was as obviously a gifted speech-maker enjoying himself, willing to go on and on, not quite willing to stop, taking too apparent a pleasure in his own unconcern and geniality.

General Leonard Wood's speech left an impression not so easy to describe. His voice, heard just after Mr. McAdoo's and before we had had time to forget Governor Harmon's, sounded very New England. It betrayed a youth spent among cultivated persons. His accent, which he learned early and unconsciously, and which is quite natural to him, seemed on this occasion too refined to be quite natural.

He struck me as conscious of this refinement, as rather disliking it, as rather afraid that it might be a handicap, and as having made a decision. I could not help imagining General Wood as having said to himself, once upon a time: "There is nothing to be done about my accent. To make it less refined, to try in any way to correct its New Englandism, would be affectation. But I am a soldier as well as a New Englander. May not a soldierly curtness of style lessen the prejudice caused by those marks which my early advantages have left on my accent?" Probably General Wood never said anything like this to himself. I am only supposing, and I put down my guess only because it helps me to explain what I felt while listening to his speech, namely, that his was one of the best essays in military curtness, one of the best deliberate imitations of curtness, that I had ever heard.

Of the three speakers General Wood seemed the least disinterested. He too admired President Cleveland, but a wish to do President Cleveland honor was far from being his sole motive. It was accompanied by the obvious, the altogether too obvious, wish to do President Wilson harm. Dislike of President Wilson, determination to seize all the good chances to score off him, dictated too many of General Wood's short, jabbing phrases. Once at least his ill-will toward the living incited him to the oddest mispraise of the dead. President Cleveland, he told us, "was not an adept in the art of verbal massage. He went straight to the point." When General Wood thought of this last sentence he was not thinking of Mr. Cleveland at all, for Mr. Cleveland found it very hard, whenever he took a pen in his hand, to go straight to the point. He hit off, it is true, a few quotable phrases, but they are very few. For the most part his writing is bad. It is solemn, longwinded, inexpressive, padded with the unhappiest circumlocutions. Neither thinking nor writing came easy to Mr. Cleveland. His excellence lay elsewhere—in making decisions and sticking to them.

All observers would agree, I suppose, if they were asked to go over the list of Presidents since Lincoln, and to pick out the three who had put into action as President the strongest wills, in choosing Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson. Yet you cannot say that the style of any of the three is a strong man's style. None is rich in "rugged maxims hewn from life." President Roosevelt wrote and spoke like a strong man now and again, in spots, but in the mass his style is too wordy, too prolix, too desperately emphatic to be strong. He found expression as much too easy as President Cleveland found it impossible. Something said of another writer by Mr. Charles Whibley is true of President Roosevelt—he seldom "used a sentence if a page would do as well." President Wilson is a conscious artist in words—which of course President Roosevelt and President Cleveland were not—but strength is not one of the marks at which his art aims. His style is too gracefully conscious of his audience for strength, too sunnily persuasive, too nicely lubricated, too smooth.

The ideal manner for strong-willed Presidents is still to seek. And for presidential candidates who intend to be strong. Were I a Republican, a soldier, and a man with a grievance, and if I thought of having a presidential nomination thrust upon me, I believe I'd try to forget my grievance and not to remember too interruptedly, when it came to fashioning my mere style, that I was a soldier. Soldierly curtness is admirable in the Duke of Wellington, to whom it came natural, but the imitation article runs a risk of sounding like General Leonard Wood.

P. L.

A First Novel

Martin Schuler, by Romer Wilson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

NO one is going to like this novel who is repelled by intense self-consciousness. "Romer Wilson" is manifestly a clever writer, but a writer so intensely self-conscious that her first book is stiff and unnatural from beginning to end. This stiffness and unnaturalness are, however, a large part of its charm. It is perhaps a pity that the extirpation of the commonplace should be so evident. It is even more a pity that there should be so much sharp clarity when the accent of life is so often rumbled and blurred and confused. Yet the mere fact that the simplicity of Martin Schuler is a forced simplicity, with a characterization not notably human, ought not to deter any adventurous reader. The book gains something by being so extraordinarily considered. It is beautiful not merely in the texture of its feeling but in the exacting precision and fierce deletions of its narrative, permitting the reader to infer the many-sidedness of Martin Schuler but never permitting him to escape from a poetic concentration. The book is one to be read at a sitting and to be enjoyed as a decoration rather than as a criticism of life. A decoration it genuinely can claim to be, with immense promise in it of fine creation later on.

It is seldom that a book is rich with the vision of natural beauty. This book is. And instead of the tumbled splendors that are so characteristic of English vision, this book has a simplified view of the things it finds admirable and lovable. Long before Martin Schuler wins success and enjoys the luxury that goes with his success—the luxury of his Berlin apartment and his "art villa" in the Black Forest and the house in Munich—there is the exquisite picture of jeweled Heidelberg at night as he and his sick poet view it from the restaurant on the heights. And there is the memorable portraiture of that sick poet's room, with the frightened mice following his movements before he gives himself up to a weeping so quiet that they think him immobile and become accustomed and reassured. Martin Schuler is characterized always with a reference to the sights that arrest him. Although he is a composer of opera, and a genius, it is his eyes that lead him to enthrallment. Lili, the young girl he seduces so casually, is essentially a creature who charms his eye. Hella, the woman whose love nearly subdues him, is a German goddess of that demeanor associated with the name of Dana Gibson, while Sophie, the daintiest of his mistresses, is blue and golden after the fashion of Orpen's Frieda Nieter. But if Martin Schuler is easily enamored by visual beauty, and spiritually not easily touched by women, the book gains by its multiplication of the aspects of the human and natural world. Whether Martin is racing in his Mercedes through the winds of the night or standing knee-deep in the flowers of May by Hella's side in Switzerland, the chief effect on the reader is of a life steadily permeated with a beauty exterior to conduct. The events that distinguish Schuler's life are frequently discreditable, from the standpoint of loyalty. He passes entirely away from his family. He becomes bored with his pop-eyed "backer." He deserts Hella. He treats his dog-like secretary like a dog. But the narrator gives to his wilfulness and his heartlessness the air of irrevocable fate. And by telling these things with composure, with in fact a somewhat salty gayety, the book Martin Schuler takes on enough of the author's naturalness and directness not to be questioned. Never for a moment is the narrative allowed

to become anything but the adoring fable of a superb man of genius, a man of genius whose career is no more criticized than the regal procession of a swan.

And Martin Schuler's genius is suggested, much better suggested than the social quality of charm. When the novel attempts to inform us of his charm it usually seems empty, but his spells of inspiration seem real enough. They have no labored grandiosity. His whimsicalities are a little like the traditional whimsicalities of genius. He has bursts of vulgar rage. He is childlike in his demand for instant satiation. He kicks a clock to bits when its unsymphonic "pings" annoy him as it tells the hour, and he breaks up a party in fury when he hears his music on a hurdy-gurdy for the first time. But the consuming fever of creation, and the subnormal temperature that follows this fever, provide the novel with passages of extraordinary verisimilitude. The change of Martin Schuler's character in the furnace of creation, the very modelling and transfiguration of his features, make his presence a most living presence, and never more poignantly living than when the curtain is drawn in front of him by the invisible fingers of death. His death is really a form of ascension into heaven. When you have made a man into a god, there is nothing to do but get rid of him. To have a god around all the time, eating buns and drinking coffee and reading the paper and blowing his nose, is more than human nature can stand. The instinct of young novelists, cruel as it is, is full of inexorable common sense.

Yet full of sense and beauty as Martin Schuler indubitably is, surrounded as it is by the nimbus of its author's zest for everything a hero-worshipper may love in the genius of musical Germany, the fact remains that the book causes an obscure psychological dissatisfaction. Why? If its young men stand tiptoe on the misty mountain-top, that is a joyous novelty in fiction. This particular young man stands tiptoe with glory and valor and radiance. He is amusingly a young god, even when he has his last and worst attack of sentimental self-reproach. Why, then, is one dissatisfied? I find only the reason that these biographies of genius, aesthetic genius, insist too much on the isolation of their subjects. I find myself throughout definitely antagonistic to this definitely superior being. When I read of his triumphs, and they are perfectly reasonable and justified triumphs—being celebrated mainly by the happy exercise of the art of interior decoration and the strenuous services of patrons—I still find myself saying, "he does not deserve these triumphs. He is over-rated. He is overbearing. He is insufferable." It is only when he renounces the immense success that has come to him with light opera, and goes back to nature and becomes kindly and humble, that I feel the least degree of his charm and his infectiousness. I cannot laugh at him when he is the young man with roses strewn in his path. I cannot put myself in his place, or enjoy him as everyone can enjoy the glorious and vain-glorious Cellini. His success is too opaque, too emphatic, too Teutonic. But when a touch of resignation comes into it, I feel more responsive. The last section, Schwarzwald, is delightfully narrated, especially in the sketch of his dependence on Sophie and her emancipation from fearing him, and so from loving him.

"Romer Wilson's" prepossession with Martin Schuler is undoubtedly a psychological defect in the book. Prepossession in history, we are told in a recent work, "leads to the selection of facts to accord with a theory, as opposed to the true historical method of building up the theory on an accumulation of facts." The theory of Martin Schuler's genius is handicapped, beyond all doubt, by its author's assertion of it. The whole tone in regard to his character is

tainted with genius-worship. Yet a book so clever, so romantic, so decorative, so crystalline, is merely tinged by any kind of dissatisfaction. "Romer Wilson" has brought from the Continent to England saving insight into the possibilities of impersonal romance. To neglect this romance is to miss the first work of a coming artist. Later on "Romer Wilson" will certainly write English less like a stiff translation. "Martin moved in sumptuous circles. The poor for him did not exist." Or "she was the wife of a noble whom she had endowed with sufficient wealth to allow him the pleasures of the lion-chase in Africa." But with the lubrication that is earned by long practice there will be less of that stiff yet attractive austerity and integrity which are among the charms of the beginner. And these are not the only charms of "Romer Wilson's" fine original effort.

F. H.

Adult Education

Report of the Committee on Adult Education. London H. M. Stationery Office. 3d net.

IT is greatly to be hoped that steps will be taken by educational authorities in America to spread this report broadcast. It deals with one of the gravest issues before us. It sets the perspective of its problem in generous outlines and no man may read its pages and misunderstand its conclusions. It is not the report of extremists. Mr. R. H. Tawney is one of the most distinguished of English economists. The Master of Balliol is the greatest Oxford teacher of the present generation. Sir Graham Balfour is a well known educational administrator. Sir Henry Miers is not only an eminent scientist, but is also Principal of Manchester University. These are not the types to indulge in Bolshevism; rather does one look to them for a sober and conservative statement of the social problems they analyze. Yet, broadly speaking, it is the conclusion of the present Report that the English industrial system is incompatible with the desire of the workingman to fulfil his obligations as a citizen.

There is at least matter for thought in this. A government report does not publish lengthy conclusions of this kind; and what is true of England is, on the whole, true also of France and Canada and the United States. It helps to explain that lack of interest of the democracy in its own problems which is the despair of every commentator upon the democratic system. There is practically no element in modern industrial organization which the report does not condemn. The hours of labor are too long. The work of the modern factory destroys initiative by its monotony. It is so often heavy and exhausting that, at its close, the worker is unfit for intellectual employment. There is no industrial security. Adult education is dependent upon the worker's certainty that he will be tomorrow where he is today. He has no such assurance; and the Report emphasizes, what every observer can confirm, the disastrous moral deterioration that results from unemployment. Nor is this all. The Report insists on the need for an organized system of education. The worker needs his opportunity for continuous mental discussion, and it is useless for universities to organize summer meetings if labor cannot attend them. Above all, a new industrial outlook is needed. "The age of mechanical development," says the Committee, "has effectively degraded the worker . . . the conditions of industrial life have only too often

outraged human personality." What is needed is that diffused sense of responsibility which can come only from the democratization of industrial processes. Work must be organized so that there is education in the method of control. But the problem does not end in the democratic government of the factory.

It involves the housing situation, the planning of towns, the organization of rural life. A worker who tries to read in an overcrowded, badly lit, half warmed house lacks the merely physiological background in which education is possible. It is no answer to say that men have triumphed over such conditions. The obvious fact is that there ought not to be such conditions over which it is necessary to triumph. No life is real that is devoid of beauty; and the planning of the modern city, whether it be Manchester or Pittsburgh or Lyons, is an insult to the humanity of the worker. We have to evolve from the chaos of the present the material conditions under which each man can make the direct contribution that is in him to the successful working of a democratic society. For that, after all, is what is meant by democracy, that we translate the direct experience of men into terms of government. So far, we have left the mass of men inarticulate. What goes by the name of education today is in no real sense related to the issues we are trying to shake. We throw youth on to an endless sea uncharted; and we speak with despair of its failure to reach the harbor.

The labor movement of today, particularly in England, has challenged the foundations of our civilization. The real burden of this Report is its insistence that there is no answer to the challenge. The best, after all, of any social structure is the opportunity it gives of freedom; by which is meant, as in that admirable phrase of Mr. Graham Wallas, the opportunity of continuous personal initiative. We do little to satisfy that criterion. Nor is it true to say that the things we can offer go unwanted. The personal records of this Report are the answer to that. There is the tale of the worker who went to bed until midnight and worked in the early hours of morning in order to have quietness. There is a village in Oxfordshire where a man tramped sixteen miles to join his tutorial class. An engineer in Montreal brought in his train from Chicago through the winter snowstorms and in two years did not miss a single lecture. None of these was an exceptional man with any special gifts. It was merely, in the way that the Workers' Educational Association has, that some one of its tutors had opened a window into life. No one who has worked even a little with these men will ever doubt either the glory of the task on the one hand, or its superiority to any other kind of teaching. Economics with men who have just left the factory is a greater lesson to the instructor than it is to his pupils. He comes closer to the heart of the industrial system in a single evening than years of books can give him. The material for development is there. The real problem is to fit our industrial system to its utilization.

We must, moreover, remember that it is not merely vocational education that is required. That, particularly in this country, is the mistake it is fatally easy to make. The men who have challenged our civilization are concerned not with higher wages or shorter hours as ends in themselves. They are not eager to be the willing subjects of some vast Taylor system. "The motive which impels men and women to seek education," says the Report, ". . . arises from the desire for knowledge, for self-expression, for the satisfaction of intellectual, aesthetic and spiritual needs, and for a fuller life. They demand educa-

tion in the hope that the power which it brings will enable them to understand and help in the solution of the common problems of human society." We shall not, that is to say, answer their challenge by making the world a vast polytechnic. We shall not satisfy what is demanded of us by a thousand courses in citizenship under the benevolent leadership of the Y. M. C. A. For we know that vocational education in the end is no more than the handmaid of a system that is already in decay. We know that "courses in citizenship" become defenses of a social order which is already doomed to destruction. The history that is demanded from us is the history of peoples; the economics we have to give is the justification of the ideals of labor. It is not the science of social conduct and industrial practice that has made the present social order that is demanded from us. Labor no longer sits at our table asking in humility for the crumbs we can spare. "Democracy," a labor representative told the teachers a decade ago, "will realize itself with or without the assistance of Oxford; but if Oxford continues to stand apart from the workpeople, then she will ultimately be remembered not for what she is but for what she has been."

It is not to Oxford only that the challenge has been uttered, though there, in some sort it has been answered. It is to every man who learned, even in the humblest fashion, the possibilities of knowledge that the appeal of a Report such as this is made. It is to the men of Harvard and Yale and Princeton, as well as Oxford and Cambridge and the Sorbonne that the question goes. They are called upon to justify their training. The next generation will be the test of its worth.

H. J. L.

The History of Dramatic Criticism

European Theories of the Drama, by Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. \$3.50.

THERE is a kind of book that is of interest only to the book-lover or the student, and it is such a book that Barrett H. Clark has given us in *European Theories of the Drama*. It is complete and adequate as a manual, equipped with all the machinery of introductions, biography, bibliography, notes, and what-not essential to thorough study. The man who likes better to browse than to read will skip all these things and seek out by means of his special instinct the critics who were too human to be dry-as-dust—Horace, for instance, Cervantes, Farquhar, Corneille, Shaw, or Henry Arthur Jones. It must be supremely flattering to the most sophisticated intellect to be included by a contemporary in a list of contributors to a volume that includes likewise Aristotle and Dante. The flattery as usual carries its own punishment. It forces comparisons of individual claims that will not bear comparison. But some of our contemporaries stand up very well in the presence of the illustrious dead. There has been since Aristotle's day a loss in subtlety and a gain in clearness, a loss in grasp and a gain in catholicity. Aristotle was able to compass his world, but it was smaller than the world of Shaw. The moderns give the impression of having anchored to theories because they feared to drift too far. Aristotle is a competent navigator on a rather small lake.

Nevertheless he remains on re-reading the most impressive of all critics of drama. He is not enjoyable unless you en-

joy dancing on the point of a perspicacity finer than your own. It is with relief that one turns to his chatty Latin supporter. Horace is without grasp and without subtlety; he is flippant and inaccurate, but at the same time definite and amusing. Doubtless the readableness of the language had something to do with his immense medieval vogue. I venture a guess that his lack of profundity allied with a desire to please had more to do with it. Though the references to authority by early Italian commentators are almost unanimously references to Aristotle, the construction put on his words makes it obvious that Aristotle was more quoted than read, Horace more read than quoted.

The extraordinary preponderance of the unities in medieval discussion becomes all the more striking when one gets a bird's-eye view of the period. The question of the unities was one of the least important of classical doctrines, a mere technicality dependent on the mechanics of the Greek theatre. The fundamental rules passed unchallenged. The classification of drama into three varieties, dealing with three classes of people, was tacitly accepted until modern times. According to Minturno,

"One class records serious and grave happenings, and concerns those of high rank—the great and the illustrious. This is the field of the tragic poet. A second recognizes the middle strata of society—common folk of the city or the country: the farmer, the common soldier, the petty merchant, and similar persons. These afford matter for comedy. The third division has to do with humble persons, mean and ludicrous, with all those in fact who seem most fitted to provoke merriment, thus supplying subject matter for satirical poetry."

Here, if anywhere, was matter for discussion. Why

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must we consider only the deaths of kings, the follies of the bourgeoisie, the coarse crudities of peasants? The question is no less pertinent when we remember that the rule has in the main held, that Shakespeare's tragedies deal with kings and nobles, that Sheridan devotes himself to the middle classes, that Synge's humor partly depends on the ignorance of certain provinces of Ireland, that it is the servant who must furnish broad comic relief on our stage.

The dispute between classicists and romanticists in the days of Hugo and Schiller emerges from an older wrangle over the unities that centered about Corneille and Le Cid. The Cid controversy goes back again to Aristotle, some form of it absorbs the attention in Italy, France, Spain, and England until the eighteenth century. Only Saint-Evremond held himself aloof in eclectic detachment. It is not till we come to Addison that a contribution specifically new is made to the international discussion. Addison protested against the poetic justice of both tragedy and comedy which had been accepted as an integral part of play making. His theory was more radical than his practice, nor has poetic justice lost its hold upon audiences and makers of plays even today. However his point of view foreshadowed the determinism of modern dramatic theory. There is no more interesting discussion in the whole range of the volume than that precipitated by Brunetière and his definition of the dramatic as a struggle of wills. William Archer maintains that there is no such thing as will, and that therefore there can be no conflict of wills, but only of forces. He defines the dramatic as the crucial. Comes then Henry Arthur Jones, using abominable American slang, to reconcile the irreconcilables—determinism and voluntarism. He does it by pointing out that among conflicting forces are the forces that lie within individuals, and that the dramatic situation arises when the forces within an individual are "up against" the thwarting forces that lie without.

Whatever we may by this time think of the thesis play in practice it is certain that its defenders do not show up well in the light of a new century. Dumas fils and Shaw are basically the most moralistic and least artistic of all these defenders of faiths. Their struggle seems less necessary as years settle over them; and so it is with every other struggle here recorded. In the end the palm goes to those who refuse to commit themselves to any law—to Saint-Evremond and Molière and Goethe, who say frankly that no rule should be binding upon artists, for if an artist is to be worth anything he must be first of all sufficient to himself.

M. A.

They Took Him In

The Soul of Denmark, by Shaw Desmond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

"I WAS a stranger and ye took me in," is Mr. Desmond's imprudent benediction on the hospitality of the Danes, and all one can say is that they did—shamelessly. But Mr. Desmond invited it. With his own pen he shows good reason why neither he nor his book should be taken too seriously. In spite of a good reportorial style and occasional vividness, the *Soul of Denmark* is mainly the type of travelogue that is vanishing along with the terra incognita of the world. Russia and the Balkans before war and revolution threw searchlights on them were happy ground for the Desmonds and the Grahams, the magnificently audacious who went in for capturing the souls of nations and pinning them into specimen cases of

neat and all-explaining formulas. Mr. Desmond has lived three years in Denmark, but his book has the geometric simplicity of the fourteen-day tourist.

What he has done is to reverse the formula for Russia. What is the matter with Russia? Too much temperament, too much seething soul. What is the matter with Denmark? No temperament, and a soul that refuses to seethe even when Mr. Desmond, to test this people "without imagination and enthusiasm," lectured before them on "the inspiration and power which had built up the British empire to the love of combat." He even threw in the Armada, India and "the blast of England's bugle blowing into the dying sun from sunset to sunset." And the Danes went to sleep. And those who didn't asked him, "What's the good?" And Mr. Desmond probably reflected on what he had said on page 84 that "in my three years in Denmark I have never seen two boys, or, for that matter, two men fight in the street...." Not that he likes fighting "only it happens to be a sign of temperament, of feeling....," and the Danes have none.

With difficulty he examined some squirming natives on religion or, as he carefully explains "an unmaterial concept of the universe," and he found their attitude shockingly summed up in the remark that "a man's religion is his own business." The formula fits again. The absence of the propaganda spirit—"a country in which nobody seems to have the least desire to interfere with either a man's soul or his politics"—what is this but proof that the Dane has only a "three-dimensional soul" with the fourth dimension of "temperament" lacking?

Even the women "have not the religious interest," and that brings us to Mr. Desmond's final triumph—his formulation of the Danish woman. "Fine as she is in so many ways, she has not the spark divine which turns the human clay into the thing that distinguishes the sexes." She has not "realized the godship of her sex." She is persistently "natural," this creature; in her admittedly intelligent conversation there are "none of those pauses, awkward checks, blushes, and giggles which sometimes punctuate the conversation of the sexes in other countries." Mr. Desmond admires this, rather, yet it appalls him, too, for it proves that she is but the reflex of the country, "she lacks temperament—imagination."

It is a pity one cannot quote further from the *Soul of Denmark*. It has two good chapters on Cooperation and High Schools which prove the author a better reporter than psychologist. He would have been wiser had he chosen to vivisection the Soul of Korea or the Soul of Beluchistan, obscure and simple victims. A nature so innocently trustful as his should not have been exposed to the conscienceless humor of the Danes. One can hear Mr. Desmond catechising, and see the slippery winks of the Copenhageners. They ought instead to do penance on their untemperamental knees and try to live up to the level of civilization with which Mr. Desmond's criticism flatters them.

S. T.

An International Republic

A Republic of Nations, by Raleigh C. Minor, Professor of Constitutional and International Law at the University of Virginia, Oxford University Press, New York: \$2.50.

THIS book is written with an amusing matter-of-factness which elects to disregard the material obstacles in the way of the formation of a League of Nations and those less tangible, but none the less formidable, obstacles

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of nationalistic prejudices and preconceptions. The author proceeds on the tacit assumption that the League of Nations has become an incipient international structure which needs only a legal international code for definition and crystallization. His contribution to the literature of the League is purely a legalistic one. It may be that because of the limitations of his knowledge or of the necessity of eliminating all that does not contribute to the legalistic interpretation that he disregards those forms of organization now existing among the nations which would make the League the natural development of international necessities. For those, however, who are searching for specific suggestions concerning international government, this book will be found to be not without value.

Professor Minor desires international government only in the degree that such government will make impossible a repetition of war and to that end he proposes not a complete surrender of sovereignty by the component nations but only a surrender of those powers the exercise of which has always served as the provocation to wars. He has defined what powers shall be surrendered to the international organization, what powers shall be reserved and what limitations shall be placed on the exercise of the powers relegated to the international republic. He has, in that delightful matter-of-fact way of his, written a constitution for the government of the United Nations, a constitution based on that of the United States, which he accepts as a model for the government of federated states. Indeed, the whole structure of the international government he proposes is based, fundamentally, on the principle of federalization. "Federal union prevents wars between the component states," he assures us, and the only reason that the federal union embodied in the American Constitution was not sufficient to prevent the Civil War is that the Constitution did not specifically outlaw secession. He argues that as national law, subscribed to by the will of the people and properly enforced, has made impossible disorders within the nation, so must international law, likewise subscribed to by the will of the people and properly enforced (and that enforcement may be economic, rather than military) prevent those disturbances between the nations which threaten the death of civilization. His faith in the federal system is boundless and he admits no essential disparity between the conditions obtaining between the colonial states and those obtaining between the sovereign states of Europe, North and South America and Asia. Prof. Kallen in his *The Structure of Lasting Peace*, considering the soundness of that analogy, has as boundless a faith in the efficacy of federalization between sovereign states to bring about a condition of lasting peace, but the construction of his analogy is ever so much more convincing.

H. P. S.

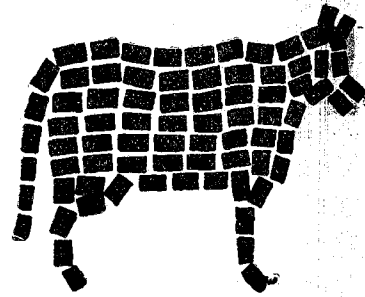
Contributors

WILLIAM HARD, a regular contributor to the New Republic.

SIDNEY WEBB, the English economist, principal founder of the London School of Economic and Political Science, and author of many books.

AUSTIN P. HAINES, a graduate of Grinnell College. Assistant Manager of *Pierce's Farm Weeklies*: *The Iowa Homestead*, *the Wisconsin Farmer*, and *the Farmer and Stockman*.

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